CLIFFHANGER!
HIGH ROADS
#1 of 6 JUN
SCOTT LOBDELL
LEINIL YU
DIRECT SALES
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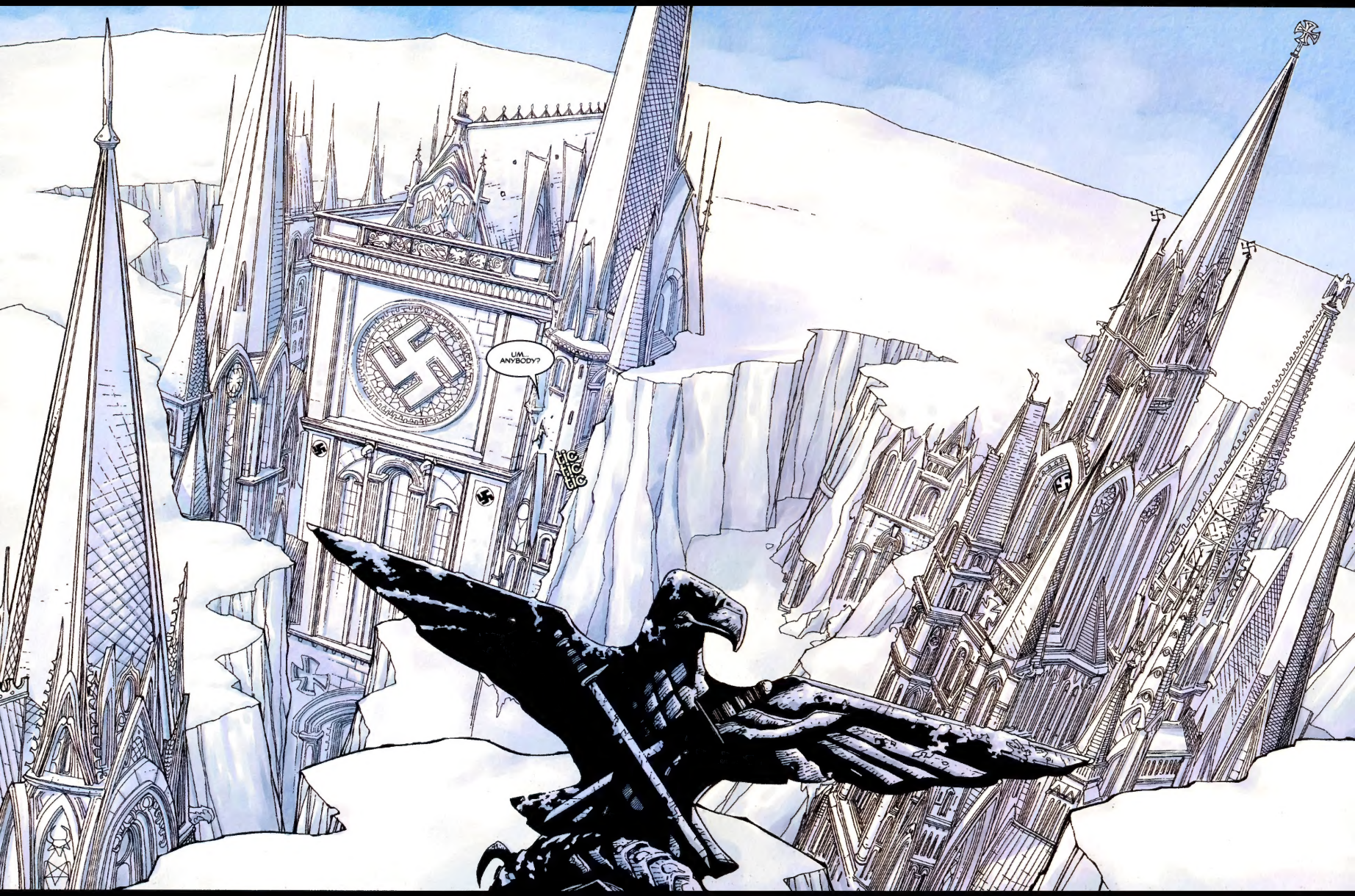
CHAPTER ONE:
HIGH ROADS
CREATED BY
SCOTT LOBDELL
AND
LEINIL FRANCIS YU
PUHH
PUHH
PUHH
PUHH
LEWIL
GERRY



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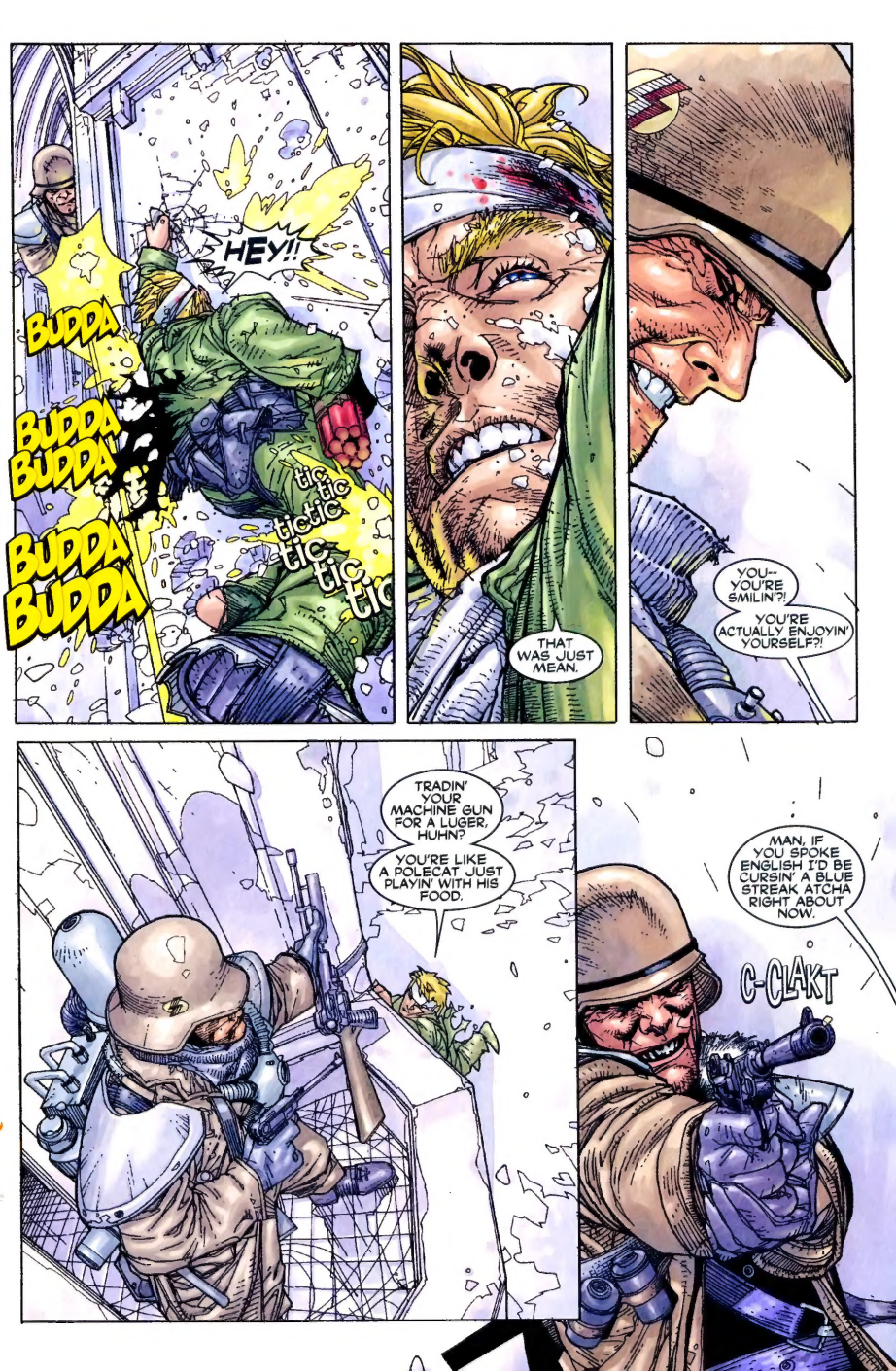
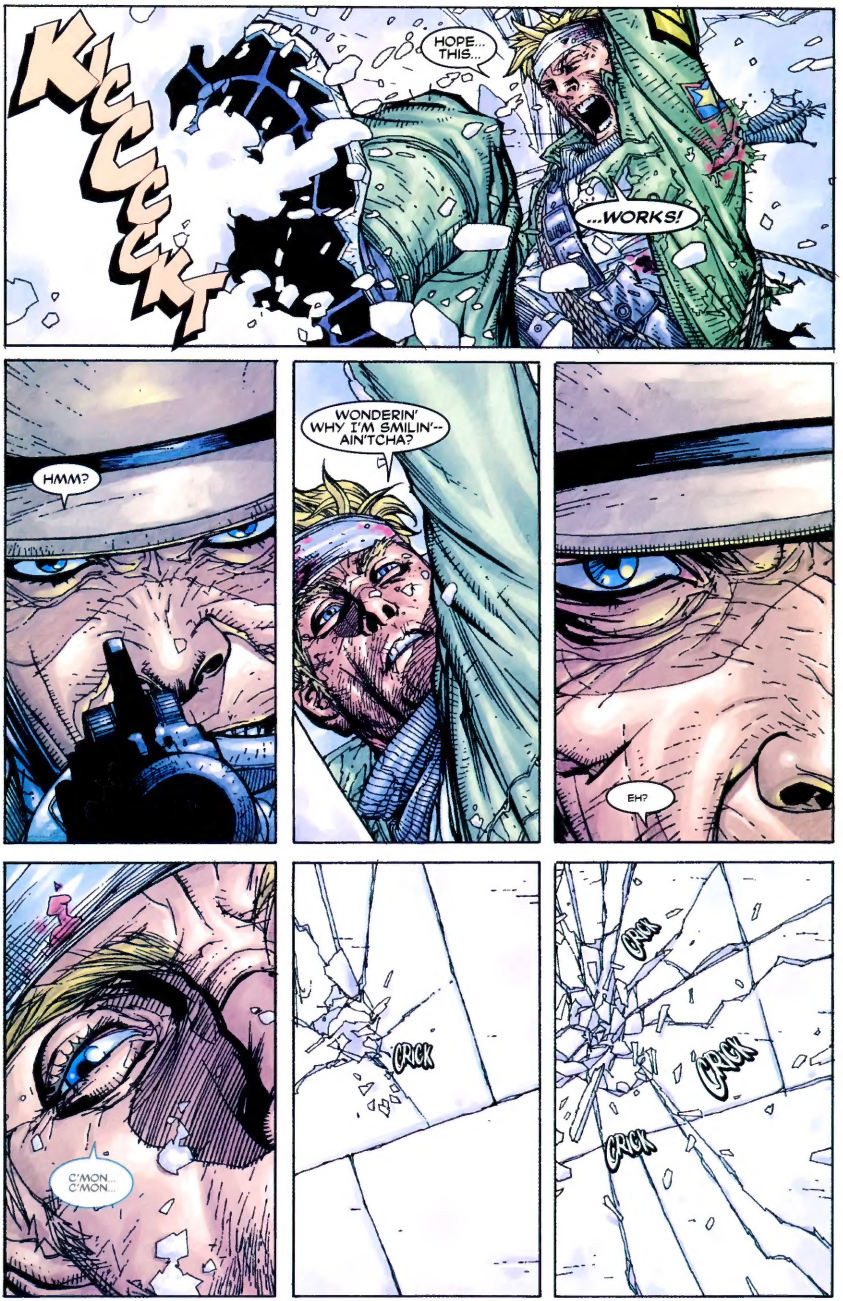
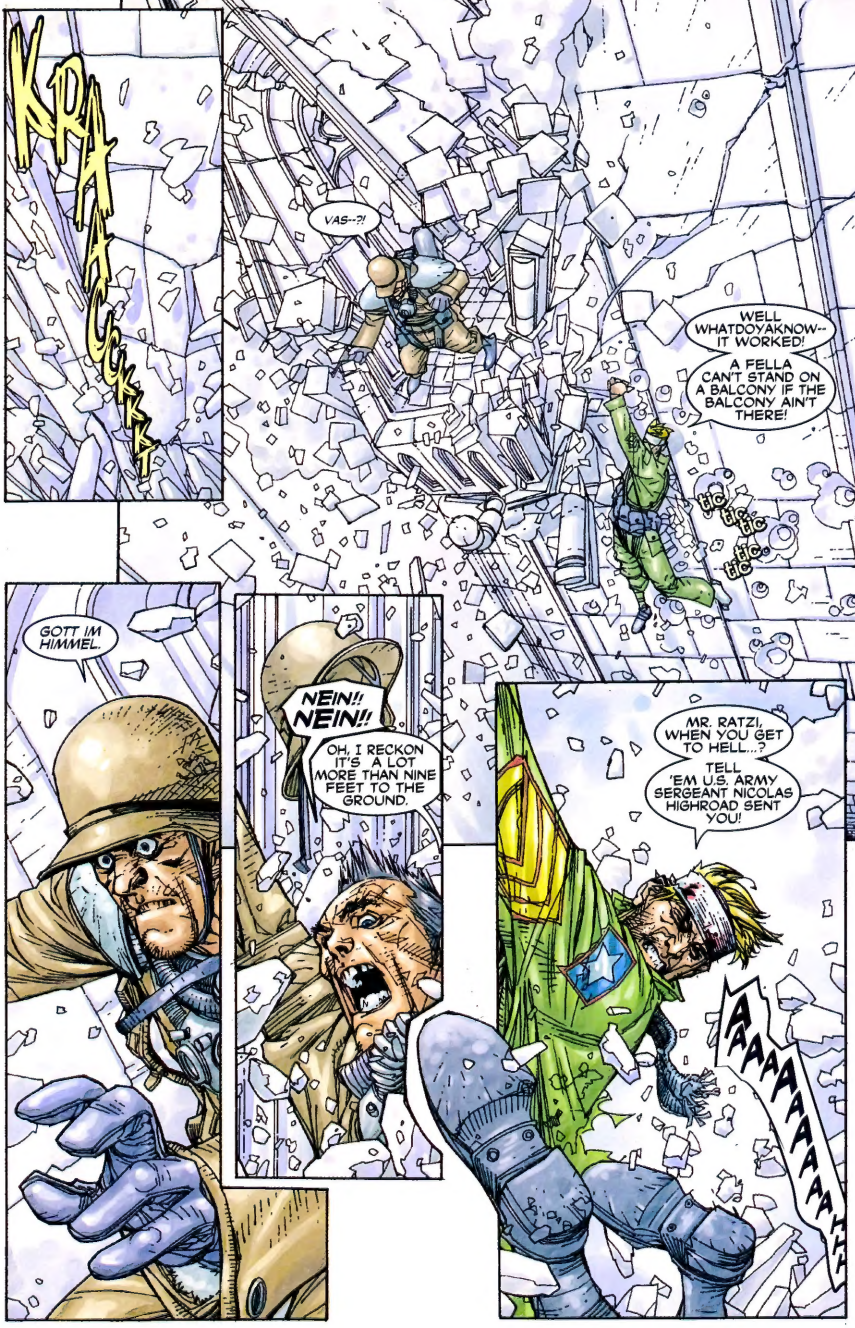
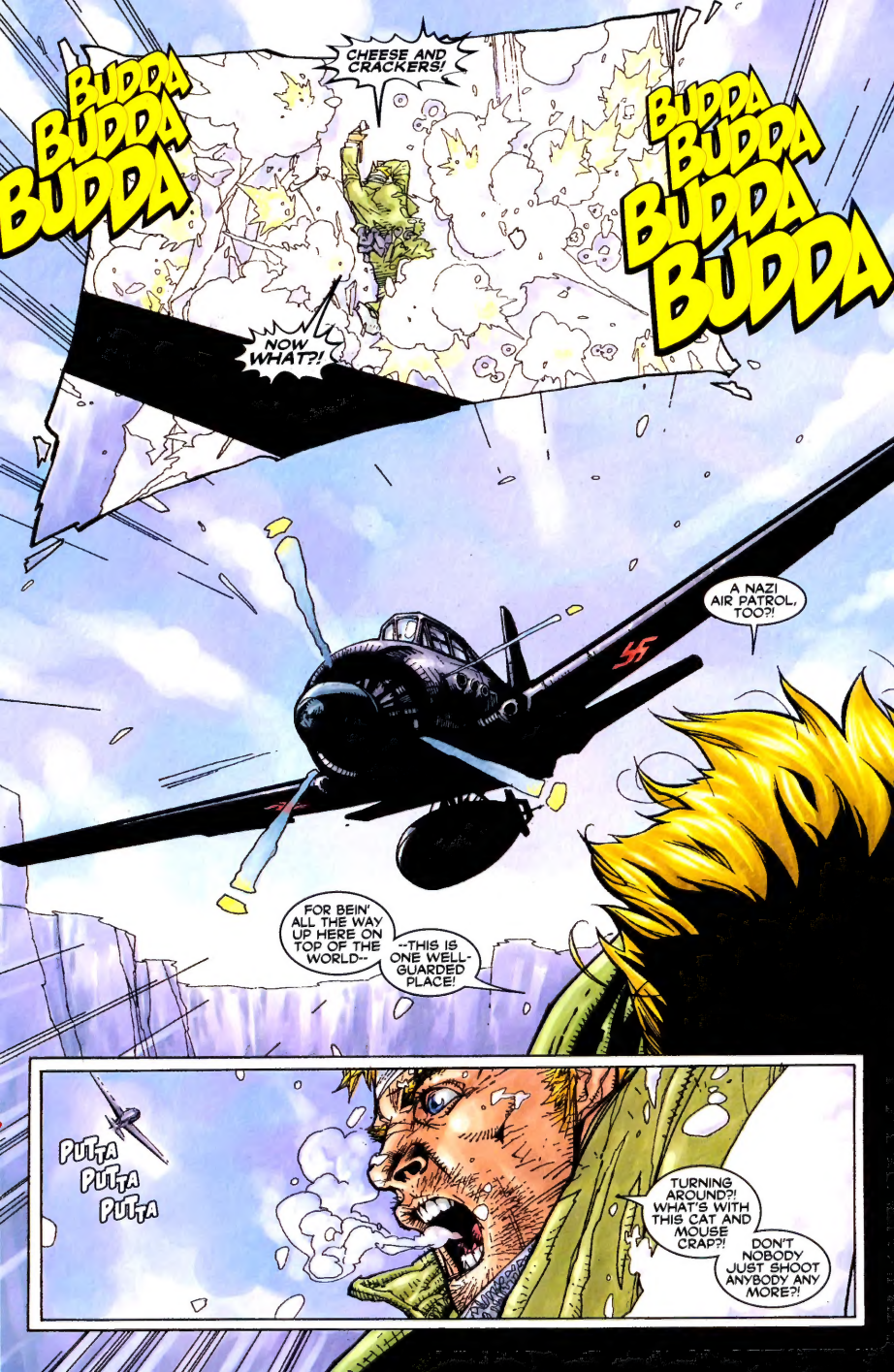
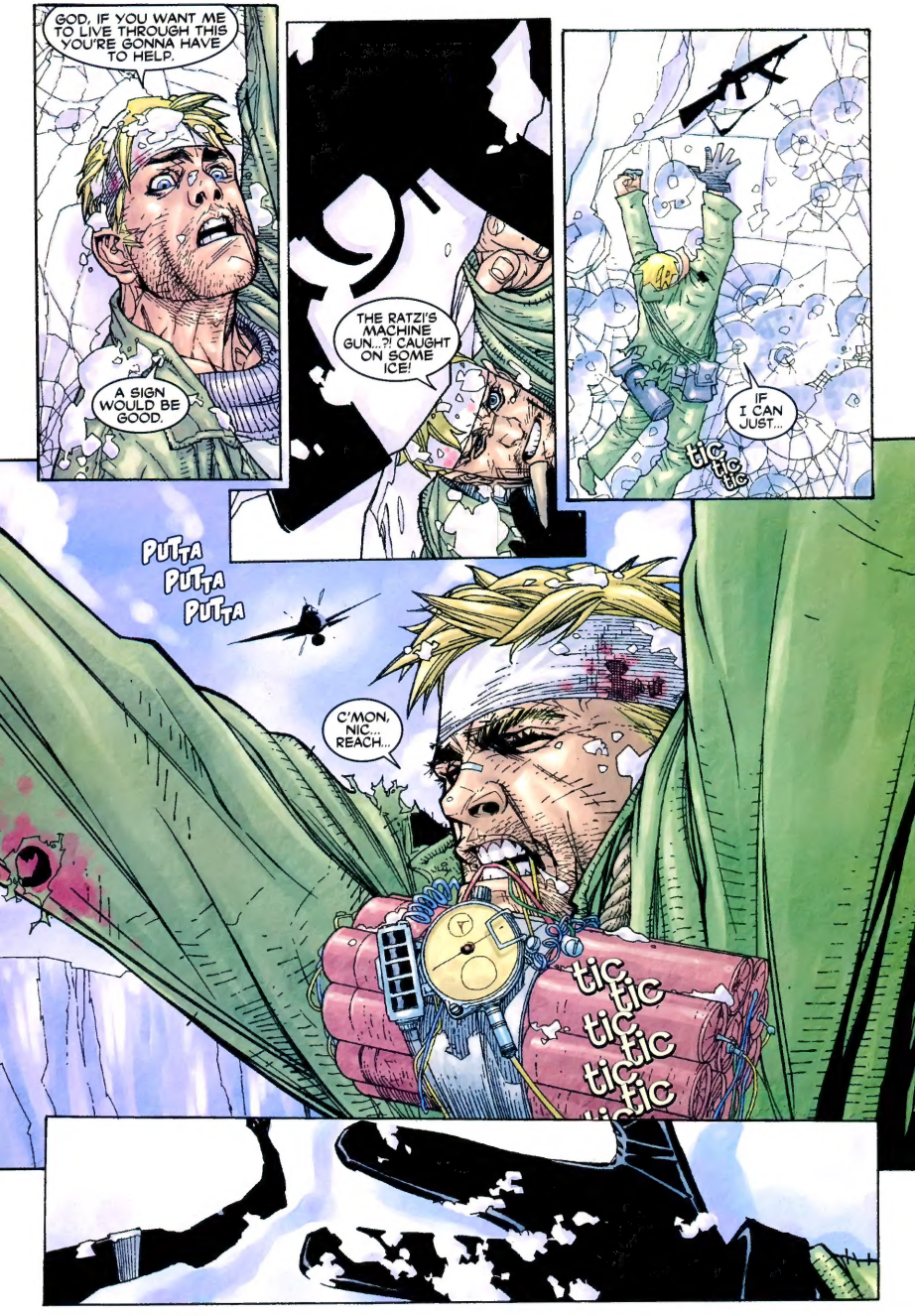
tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic
I RECKON IF I CAN SET THIS LAST BOMB IN THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS, I CAN SKEDADDLE OUTTA HERE BEFORE--
--BEFORE ANY NAZI SCUM CATCHES ME OUT HERE.
KCHACKT
HOWDY.
tic tic tic tic tic tic tic
ANY CHANCE YOU AND I CAN JAW THIS OUT BETWEEN THE TWO OF US?
ALL GENTLEMEN AND LIKE?

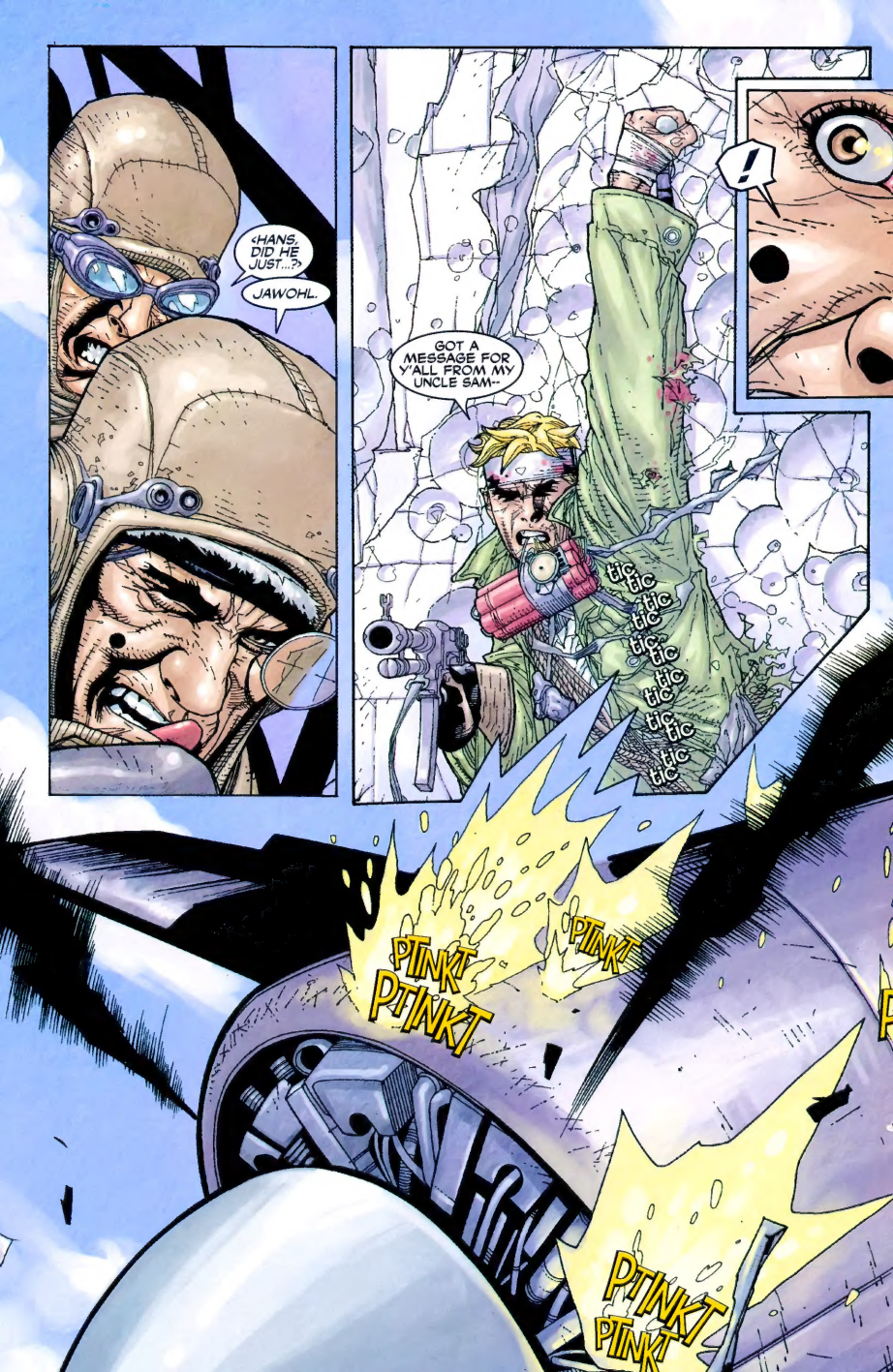

HEY!!
BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA
tic tic
tictic
tic tic tic
THAT WAS JUST MEAN.
YOU-- YOU'RE SMILIN'?!
YOU'RE ACTUALLY ENJOYIN' YOURSELF?!
TRADIN' YOUR MACHINE GUN FOR A LUGER, HUHN?
YOU'RE LIKE A POLECAT JUST PLAYIN' WITH HIS FOOD.
MAN, IF YOU SPOKE ENGLISH I'D BE CURSIN' A BLUE STREAK ATCHA RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
C-CLAKT

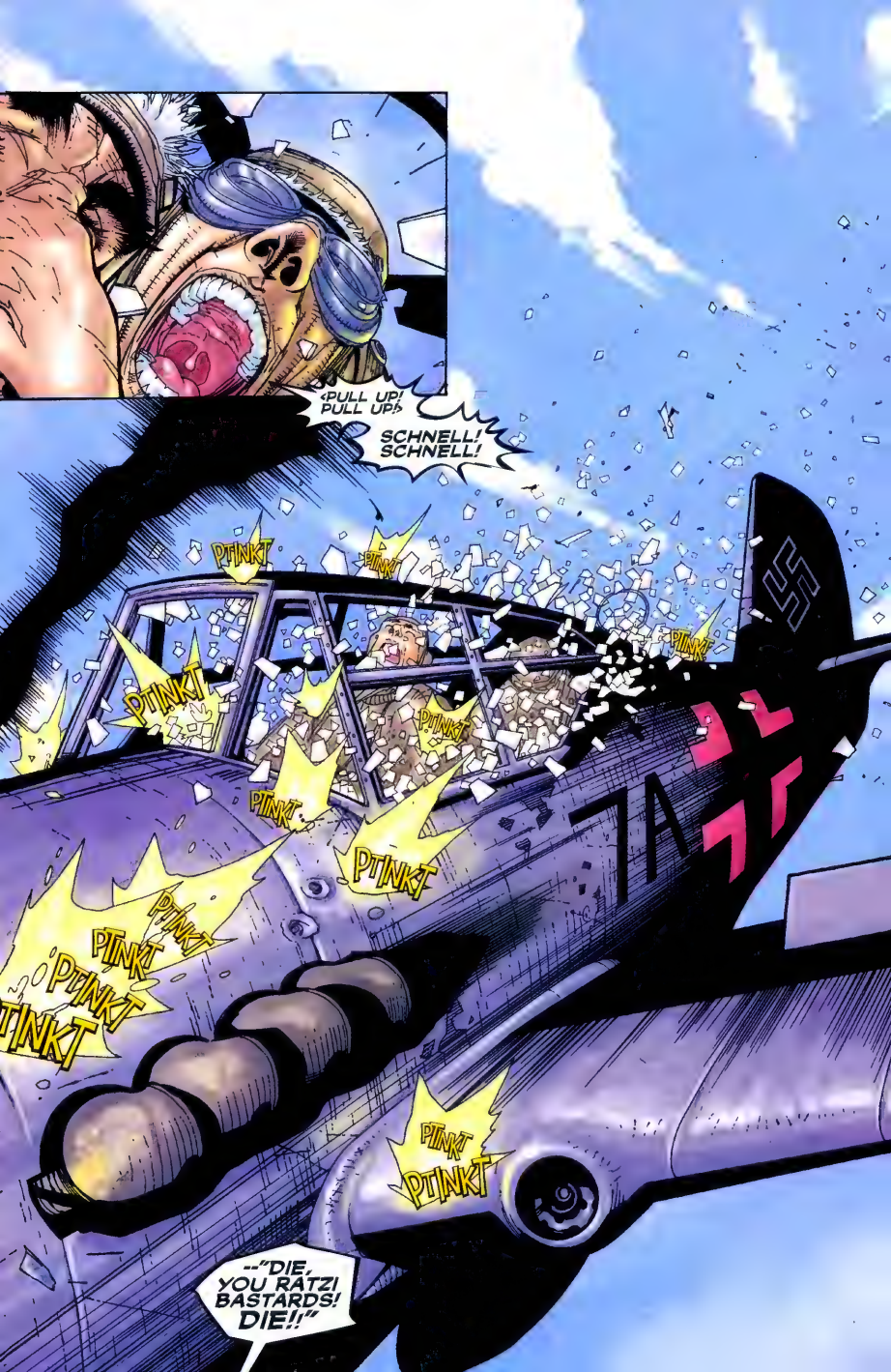

KLCCCKT
HOPE... THIS...
...WORKS!
HMM?
WONDERIN' WHY I'M SMILIN'-- AIN'TCHA?
EH?
C'MON... C'MON...
CRICK
CRICK
CRICK
CRICK


KRAACCKKT
VAS--?!
WELL WHATDOYAKNOW-- IT WORKED!
A FELLA CAN'T STAND ON A BALCONY IF THE BALCONY AIN'T THERE!
tic tic tic tic tic
GOTT IM HIMMEL.
NEIN!! NEIN!!
OH, I RECKON IT'S A LOT MORE THAN NINE FEET TO THE GROUND.
MR. RATZI, WHEN YOU GET TO HELL...?
TELL 'EM U.S. ARMY SERGEANT NICOLAS HIGHROAD SENT YOU!
AAAAAAAAAAHH


BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
CHEESE AND CRACKERS!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
NOW WHAT?!
A NAZI AIR PATROL, TOO?!
FOR BEIN' ALL THE WAY UP HERE ON TOP OF THE WORLD--
--THIS IS ONE WELL-GUARDED PLACE!
PUTTA PUTTA PUTTA
TURNING AROUND?! WHAT'S WITH THIS CAT AND MOUSE CRAP?!
DON'T NOBODY JUST SHOOT ANYBODY ANY MORE?!


GOD, IF YOU WANT ME TO LIVE THROUGH THIS YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO HELP.
A SIGN WOULD BE GOOD.
THE RATZI'S MACHINE GUN...?! CAUGHT ON SOME ICE!
IF I CAN JUST...
tic tic tic
PUTTA PUTTA PUTTA
C'MON, NIC... REACH...
tic tic tic tic tic


‹HANS, DID HE JUST...?›
JAWOHL.
GOT A MESSAGE FOR Y'ALL FROM MY UNCLE SAM--
!
tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic
PTINKT
PTINKT
PTINKT
PTINKT
PTINKT


PULL UP! PULL UP!
SCHNELL! SCHNELL!
PTINKT
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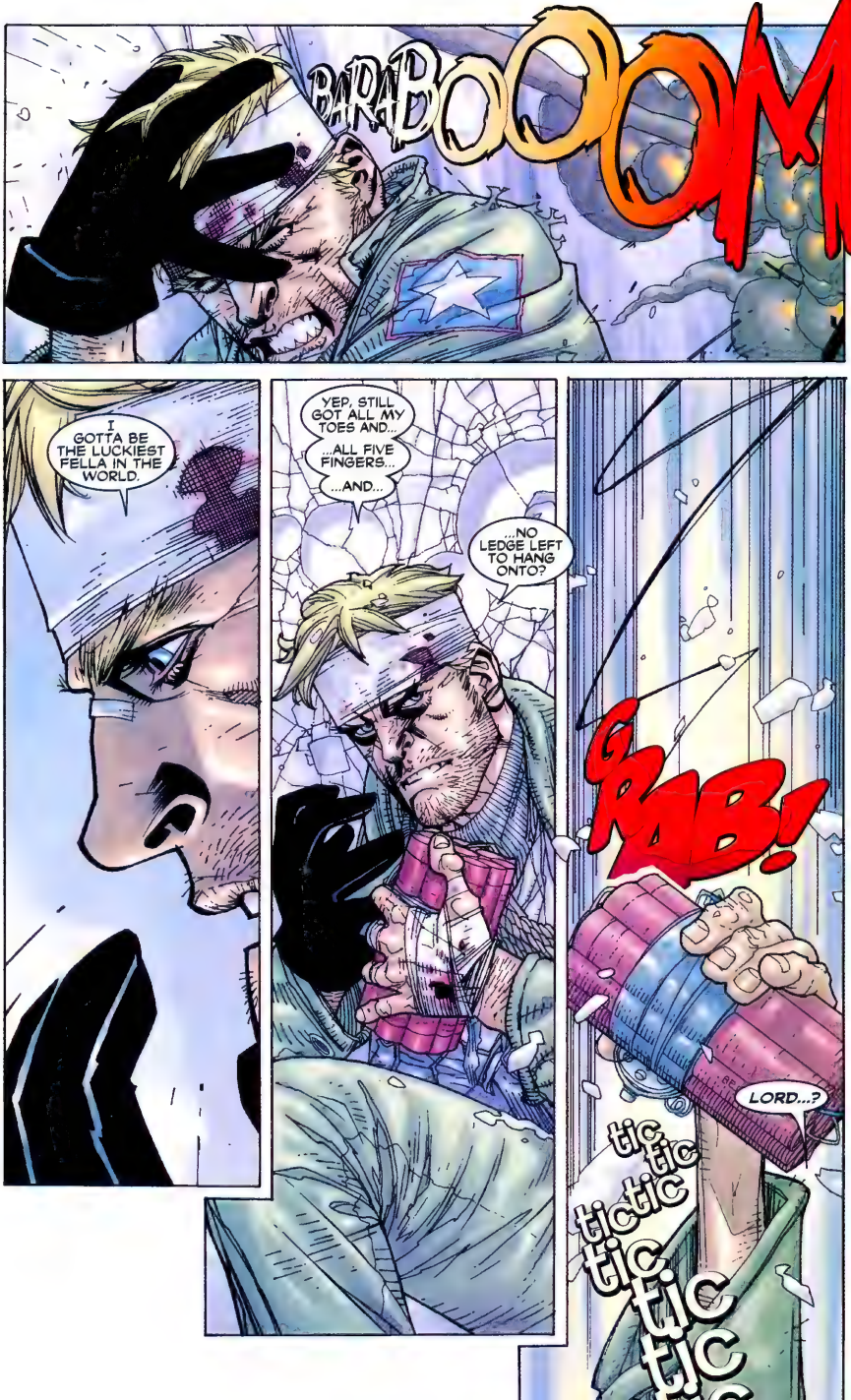
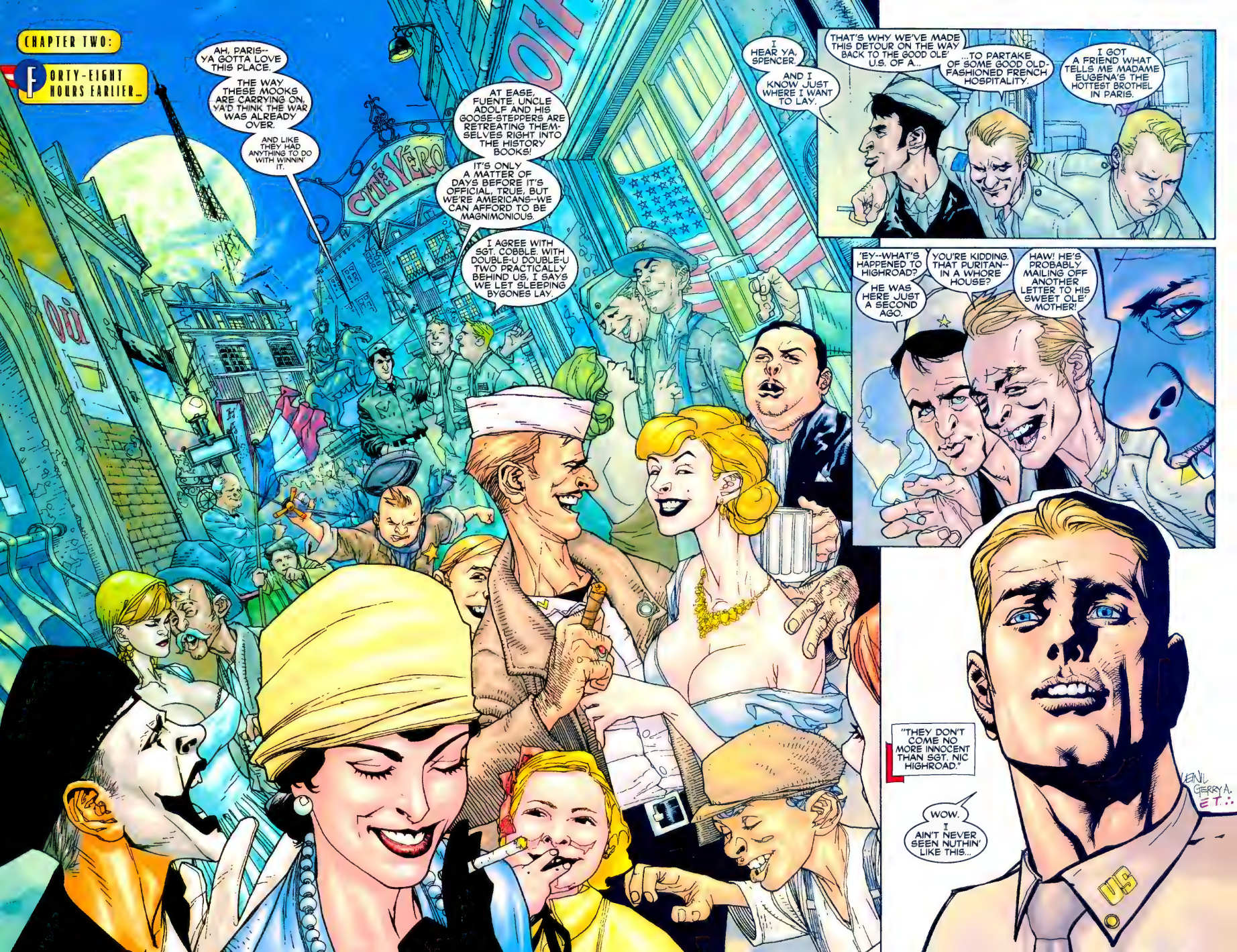
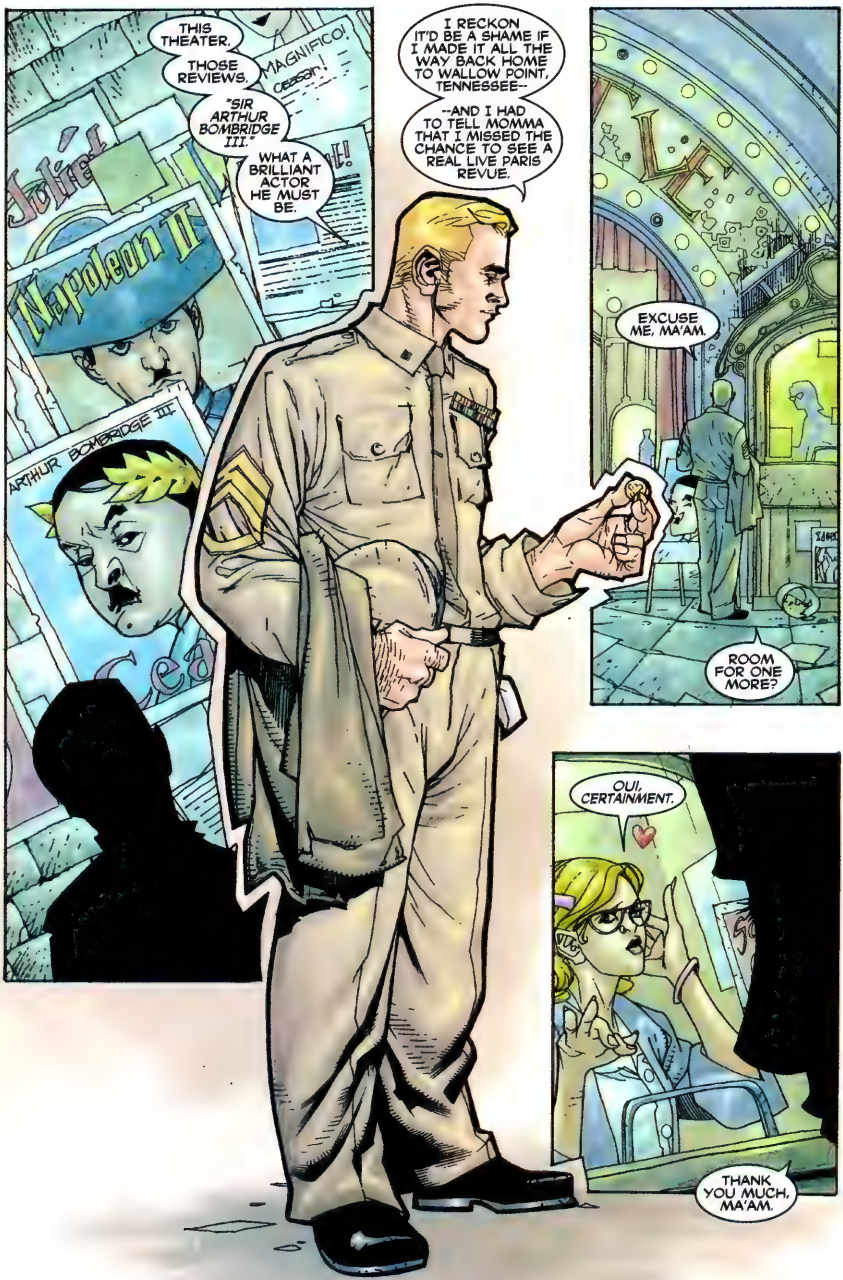
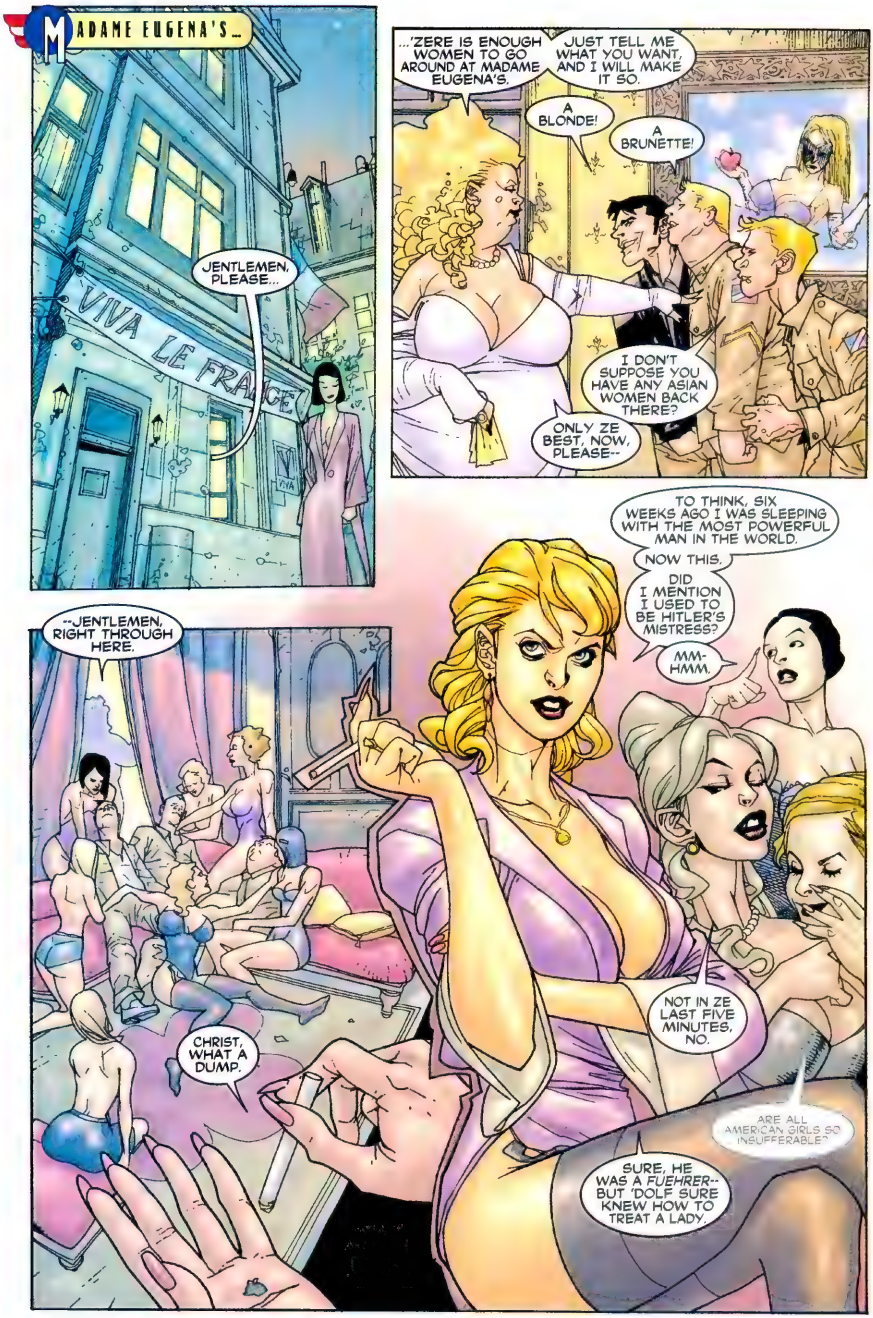
PTINKT
PTINKT
PTINKT
--"DIE, YOU RATZI BASTARDS! DIE!!"

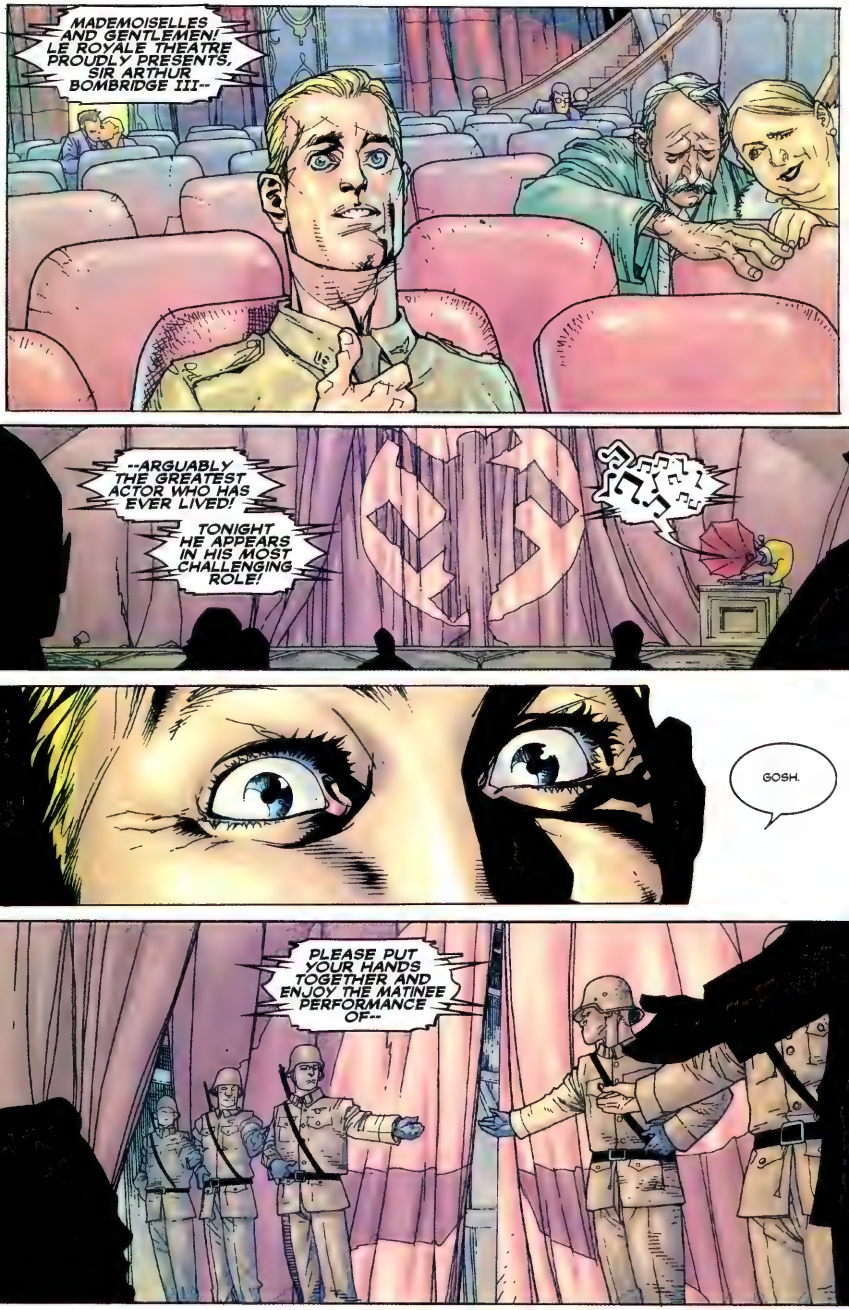

BARABOOOOM
I GOTTA BE THE LUCKIEST FELLA IN THE WORLD.
YEP, STILL GOT ALL MY TOES AND...
...ALL FIVE FINGERS...
...AND...
...NO LEDGE LEFT TO HANG ONTO?
GRAB!
LORD...?
tic tic tic tic tic tic

...HOW'D I GET MYSELF INTO THIS MESS?!
tic tic tic

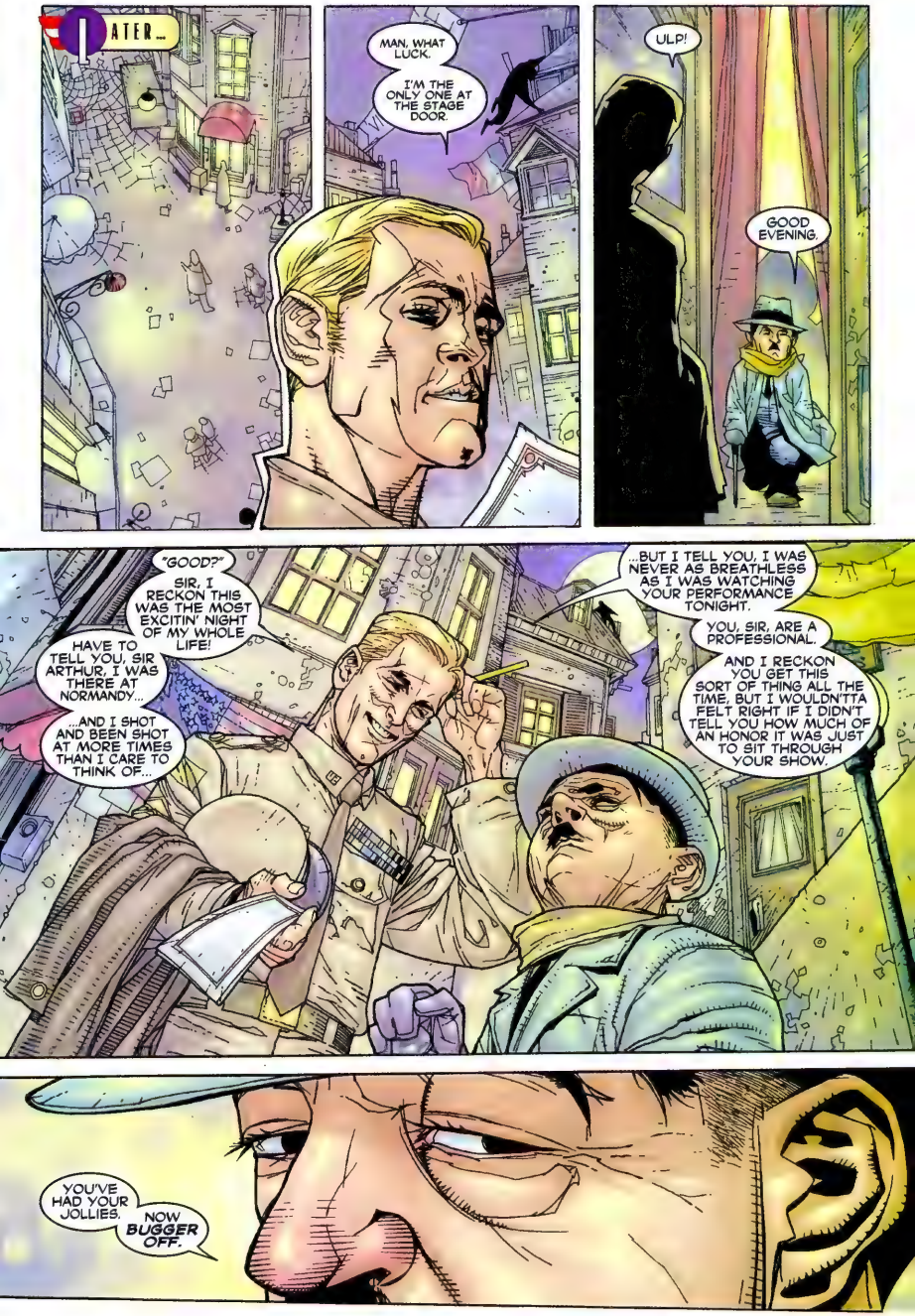

CHAPTER TWO:
FORTY-EIGHT HOURS EARLIER...
AH, PARIS--YA GOTTA LOVE THIS PLACE.
THE WAY THESE MOOKS ARE CARRYING ON, YA'D THINK THE WAR WAS ALREADY OVER.
AND LIKE THEY HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH WINNIN' IT.
AT EASE, FUENTE. UNCLE ADOLF AND HIS GOOSE-STEPPERS ARE RETREATING THEMSELVES RIGHT INTO THE HISTORY BOOKS!
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF DAYS BEFORE IT'S OFFICIAL, TRUE, BUT WE'RE AMERICANS--WE CAN AFFORD TO BE MAGNIMONIOUS.
I AGREE WITH SGT. COBBLE. WITH DOUBLE-U DOUBLE-U TWO PRACTICALLY BEHIND US, I SAYS WE LET SLEEPING BYGONES LAY.
I HEAR YA, SPENCER.
AND I KNOW JUST WHERE I WANT TO LAY.
THAT'S WHY WE'VE MADE THIS DETOUR ON THE WAY BACK TO THE GOOD OLE' U.S. OF A...
...TO PARTAKE OF SOME GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FRENCH HOSPITALITY.
I GOT A FRIEND WHAT TELLS ME MADAME EUGENA'S THE HOTTEST BROTHEL IN PARIS.
'EY--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIGHROAD?
HE WAS HERE JUST A SECOND AGO.
YOU'RE KIDDING. THAT PURITAN--IN A WHORE HOUSE?
HAW! HE'S PROBABLY MAILING OFF ANOTHER LETTER TO HIS SWEET OLE' MOTHER!
"THEY DON'T COME NO MORE INNOCENT THAN SGT. NIC HIGHROAD."
WOW. I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NUTHIN' LIKE THIS..
US
VENIL GERRY A. ET.


THIS THEATER.
THOSE REVIEWS.
MAGNIFICO!
CEESSR!
"SIR ARTHUR BOMBRIDGE III."
WHAT A BRILLIANT ACTOR HE MUST BE.
Napoleon II
ARTHUR BOMBRIDGE III
I RECKON IT'D BE A SHAME IF I MADE IT ALL THE WAY BACK HOME TO WALLOW POINT, TENNESSEE--
--AND I HAD TO TELL MOMMA THAT I MISSED THE CHANCE TO SEE A REAL LIVE PARIS REVUE.
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM.
ROOM FOR ONE MORE?
OUI, CERTAINMENT.
THANK YOU MUCH, MA'AM.

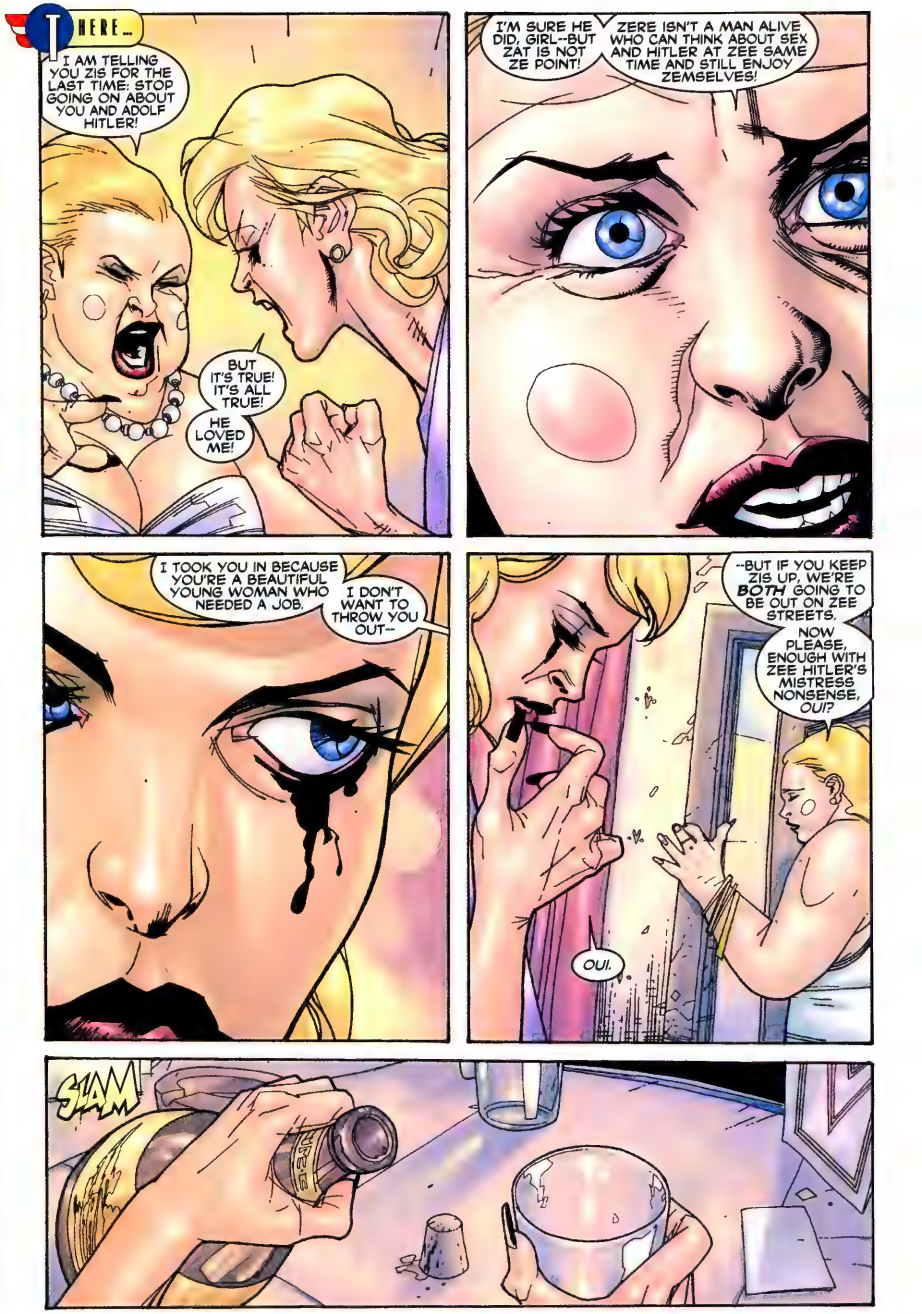

MADAME EUGENA'S...
JENTLEMEN, PLEASE...
VIVA LE FRANCE
...'ZERE IS ENOUGH WOMEN TO GO AROUND AT MADAME EUGENA'S.
JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, AND I WILL MAKE IT SO.
A BLONDE!
A BRUNETTE!
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANY ASIAN WOMEN BACK THERE?
ONLY ZE BEST, NOW, PLEASE--
--JENTLEMEN, RIGHT THROUGH HERE.
CHRIST, WHAT A DUMP.
TO THINK, SIX WEEKS AGO I WAS SLEEPING WITH THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.
NOW THIS.
DID I MENTION I USED TO BE HITLER'S MISTRESS?
MM-HMM.
NOT IN ZE LAST FIVE MINUTES, NO.
ARE ALL AMERICAN GIRLS SO INSUFFERABLE?
SURE, HE WAS A FUEHRER-- BUT 'DOLF SURE KNEW HOW TO TREAT A LADY.


MADEMOISELLES AND GENTLEMEN! LE ROYALE THEATRE PROUDLY PRESENTS, SIR ARTHUR BOMBRIDGE III--
--ARGUABLY THE GREATEST ACTOR WHO HAS EVER LIVED!
TONIGHT HE APPEARS IN HIS MOST CHALLENGING ROLE!
GOSH.
PLEASE PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER AND ENJOY THE MATINEE PERFORMANCE OF--

--"THE LITTLEST DICTATOR!"
HI. HOW THE ZEIG HEIL ARE YOU?
HIT IT, BOYS.
ONE AND TWO AND...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
EH?
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA


LATER...
MAN, WHAT LUCK.
I'M THE ONLY ONE AT THE STAGE DOOR.
ULP!
GOOD EVENING.
"GOOD?"
SIR, I RECKON THIS WAS THE MOST EXCITIN' NIGHT OF MY WHOLE LIFE!
HAVE TO TELL YOU, SIR ARTHUR, I WAS THERE AT NORMANDY...
...AND I SHOT AND BEEN SHOT AT MORE TIMES THAN I CARE TO THINK OF...
...BUT I TELL YOU, I WAS NEVER AS BREATHLESS AS I WAS WATCHING YOUR PERFORMANCE TONIGHT.
YOU, SIR, ARE A PROFESSIONAL.
AND I RECKON YOU GET THIS SORT OF THING ALL THE TIME, BUT I WOULDN'TTA FELT RIGHT IF I DIDN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH OF AN HONOR IT WAS JUST TO SIT THROUGH YOUR SHOW.
YOU'VE HAD YOUR JOLLIES.
NOW BUGGER OFF.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BUGGER OFF, SIR--BUT IF YOU'LL SHOW ME HOW, I'LL BE HAPPY TO TRY.
I MOST CERTAINLY WILL *NOT!*
BUT IF YOU PERSIST IN FOLLOWING ME, I WILL NOT THINK TWICE ABOUT SUMMONING THE *GENDARMES.*
THAT'S A FRENCH NAME FOR THE COPS, RIGHT?
NO NEED FOR THAT, SIR. IT WASN'T MY AIM TO BOTHER YOU NONE, I WAS JUST HOPING FOR AN AUTOGRAPH IS ALL.
AN... AUTOGRAPH?
MY WORD, SON--ARE YOU SERIOUS?
AS A HEART ATTACK, SIR ARTHUR!
FACT IS, IF I DON'T GET YOUR JOHN HANCOCK, I DON'T RIGHTLY SUPPOSE ANYONE BACK HOME WOULD BELIEVE I REALLY MET A REAL LIVE BRITISH ACTOR AS GREAT AS YOURSELF.
I'M NOT MUCH OF A DRINKER, BUT I'D CONSIDER IT AN HONOR IF YOU'D LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK.
BUY ME A DRINK?
I'D LIKE THAT VERY MUCH...?
OH, SORRY. THE NAME IS NIC HIGHROAD!
WELL, NICOLAS, IF YOU'RE TREATING--
--I KNOW THE PERFECT PLACE. HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF MADAME EUGENA'S?
NO, SIR.
SOUNDS REALLY FRENCH-LIKE.
HEH. IN THE BEST POSSIBLE WAY, NICOLAS.


THERE...
I AM TELLING YOU ZIS FOR THE LAST TIME: STOP GOING ON ABOUT YOU AND ADOLF HITLER!
BUT IT'S TRUE! IT'S ALL TRUE!
HE LOVED ME!
I'M SURE HE DID, GIRL--BUT ZAT IS NOT ZE POINT!
ZERE ISN'T A MAN ALIVE WHO CAN THINK ABOUT SEX AND HITLER AT ZEE SAME TIME AND STILL ENJOY ZEMSELVES!
I TOOK YOU IN BECAUSE YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN WHO NEEDED A JOB.
I DON'T WANT TO THROW YOU OUT--
--BUT IF YOU KEEP ZIS UP, WE'RE BOTH GOING TO BE OUT ON ZEE STREETS.
NOW PLEASE, ENOUGH WITH ZEE HITLER'S MISTRESS NONSENSE, OUI?
OUI.
SLAM
SLAM

SCOTT LOBDELL WRITES ★ LEINIL FRANCIS YU PENCILS

GERRY ALANGUILAN INKS ★ AVALON STUDIOS COLORS

COMICRAFT LETTERS ★ SCOTT DUNBIER EDITS

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HIGH ROADS

CREATED BY
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GERRY ALANGUILAN INKS ★ AVALON'S EDGAR TADEO COLORS
COMICRAFT LETTERS ★ SCOTT DUNBIER EDITS
AAANND... CUT!
NIEEGH?!
WHOULMPH
OUHNGH!
CLAP CLAP
THAT WAS THRILLING, MR. BOMBRIDGE!
YOU DONE GOOD, ARTHUR. THAT WAS THE LAST SHOT WE NEEDED.
I'M TELLING YOU, "COWBOY ARTIE RIDES THE PLANES OF DANGER!" IS GOING TO BE YOUR FIFTH BLOCKBUSTER HIT IN A ROW!
CLAP CLAP
WOULD THAT I LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE IT.
CLAP CLAP
DOING YOUR OWN STUNTS LIKE THAT, ARTIE--YOU'RE AN INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US.
YOU MAKE EVERYTHING LOOK SO REAL!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT IS REAL, YOU PLEBEIAN!
I REALLY DID FALL OFF THIS--THIS BEAST!
WHO THE HELL TRAINED THIS GOD-DAMNED PONY ANYWAY?!
I SWEAR TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND HER SUCKLING CHILD THAT I REFUSE--REFUSE--TO STEP FOOT ON THIS LOT AGAIN UNTIL THIS STUDIO STARTS SHOWING ME SOME GOD DAMNED RESPECT!
AND ARTIE IS A CHARACTER I PLAY.
MY NAME IS ARTHUR.

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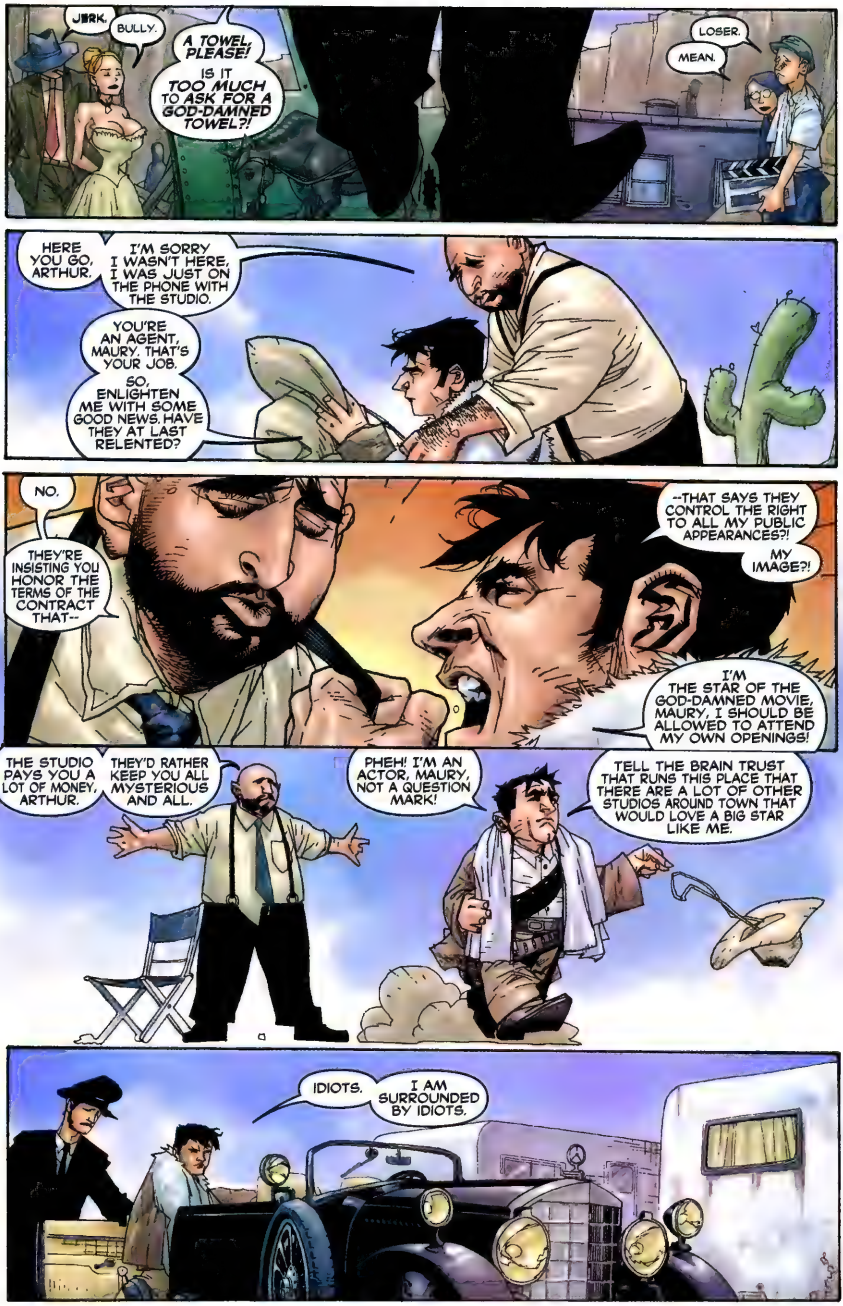
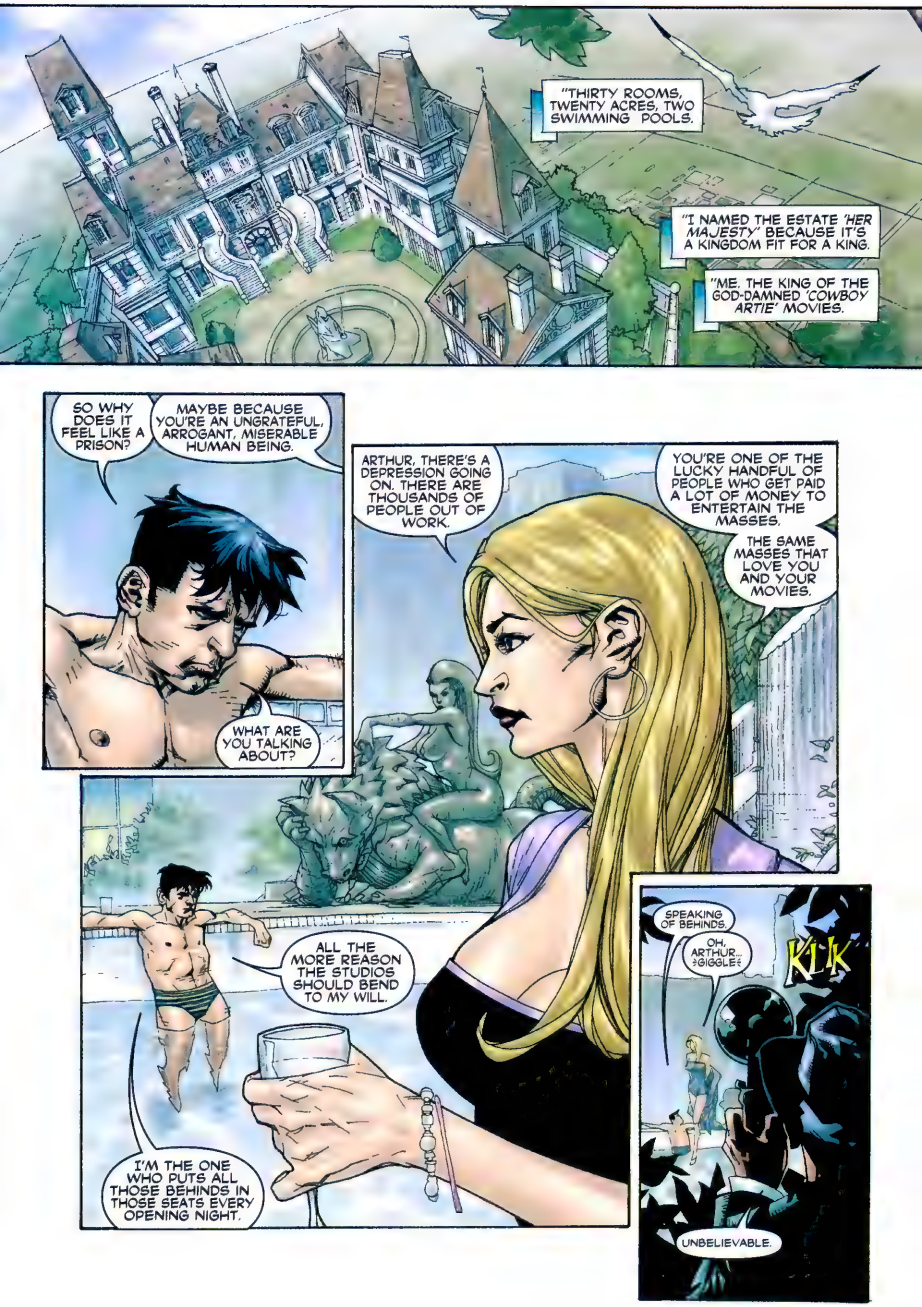
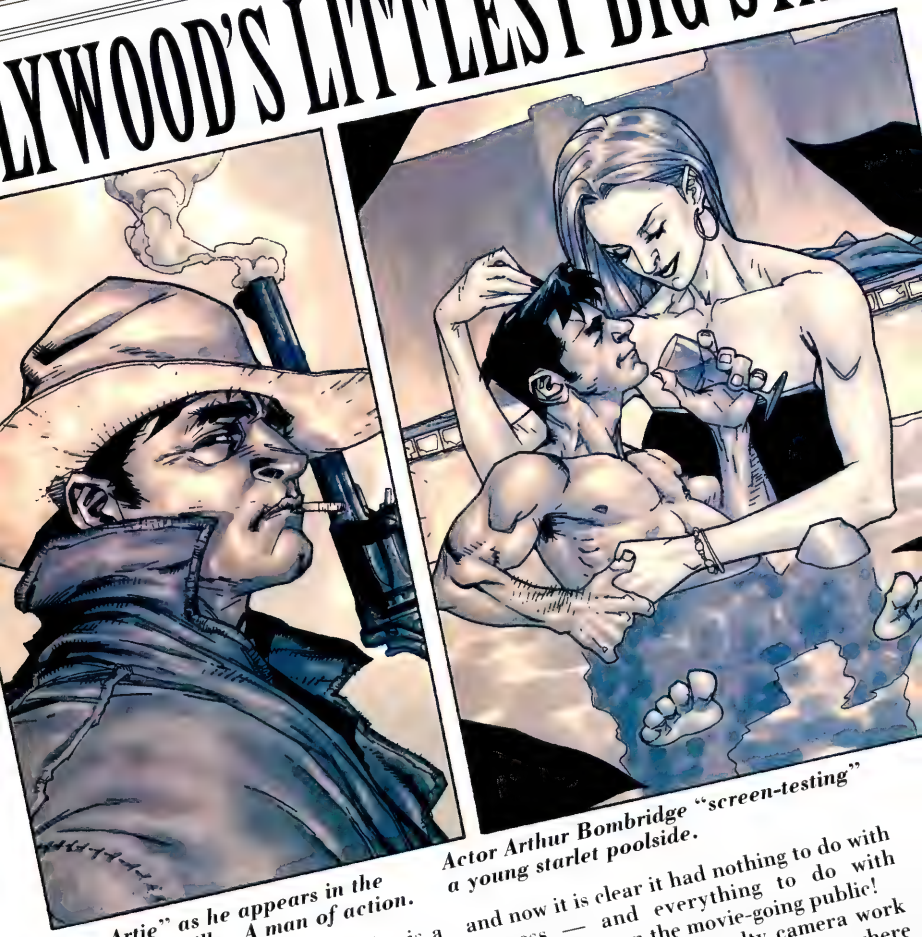

JERK.
BULLY.
A TOWEL, PLEASE!
IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR A GOD-DAMNED TOWEL?!
LOSER.
MEAN.
HERE YOU GO, ARTHUR.
I'M SORRY I WASN'T HERE, I WAS JUST ON THE PHONE WITH THE STUDIO.
YOU'RE AN AGENT, MAURY. THAT'S YOUR JOB.
SO, ENLIGHTEN ME WITH SOME GOOD NEWS. HAVE THEY AT LAST RELENTED?
NO.
THEY'RE INSISTING YOU HONOR THE TERMS OF THE CONTRACT THAT--
--THAT SAYS THEY CONTROL THE RIGHT TO ALL MY PUBLIC APPEARANCES?!
MY IMAGE?!
I'M THE STAR OF THE GOD-DAMNED MOVIE, MAURY, I SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO ATTEND MY OWN OPENINGS!
THE STUDIO PAYS YOU A LOT OF MONEY, ARTHUR.
THEY'D RATHER KEEP YOU ALL MYSTERIOUS AND ALL.
PHEH! I'M AN ACTOR, MAURY, NOT A QUESTION MARK!
TELL THE BRAIN TRUST THAT RUNS THIS PLACE THAT THERE ARE A LOT OF OTHER STUDIOS AROUND TOWN THAT WOULD LOVE A BIG STAR LIKE ME.
IDIOTS.
I AM SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS.


"THIRTY ROOMS, TWENTY ACRES, TWO SWIMMING POOLS.
"I NAMED THE ESTATE 'HER MAJESTY' BECAUSE IT'S A KINGDOM FIT FOR A KING.
"ME. THE KING OF THE GOD-DAMNED 'COWBOY ARTIE' MOVIES.
SO WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE A PRISON?
MAYBE BECAUSE YOU'RE AN UNGRATEFUL, ARROGANT, MISERABLE HUMAN BEING.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
ARTHUR, THERE'S A DEPRESSION GOING ON. THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE OUT OF WORK.
YOU'RE ONE OF THE LUCKY HANDFUL OF PEOPLE WHO GET PAID A LOT OF MONEY TO ENTERTAIN THE MASSES.
THE SAME MASSES THAT LOVE YOU AND YOUR MOVIES.
ALL THE MORE REASON THE STUDIOS SHOULD BEND TO MY WILL.
I'M THE ONE WHO PUTS ALL THOSE BEHINDS IN THOSE SEATS EVERY OPENING NIGHT.
SPEAKING OF BEHINDS,
OH, ARTHUR... ¦GIGGLE¦
KLK
UNBELIEVABLE.

ollywood Tattle

JUNE 29, 1923 FIVE CENTS

LYWOOD'S LITTLEST BIG STAR?!



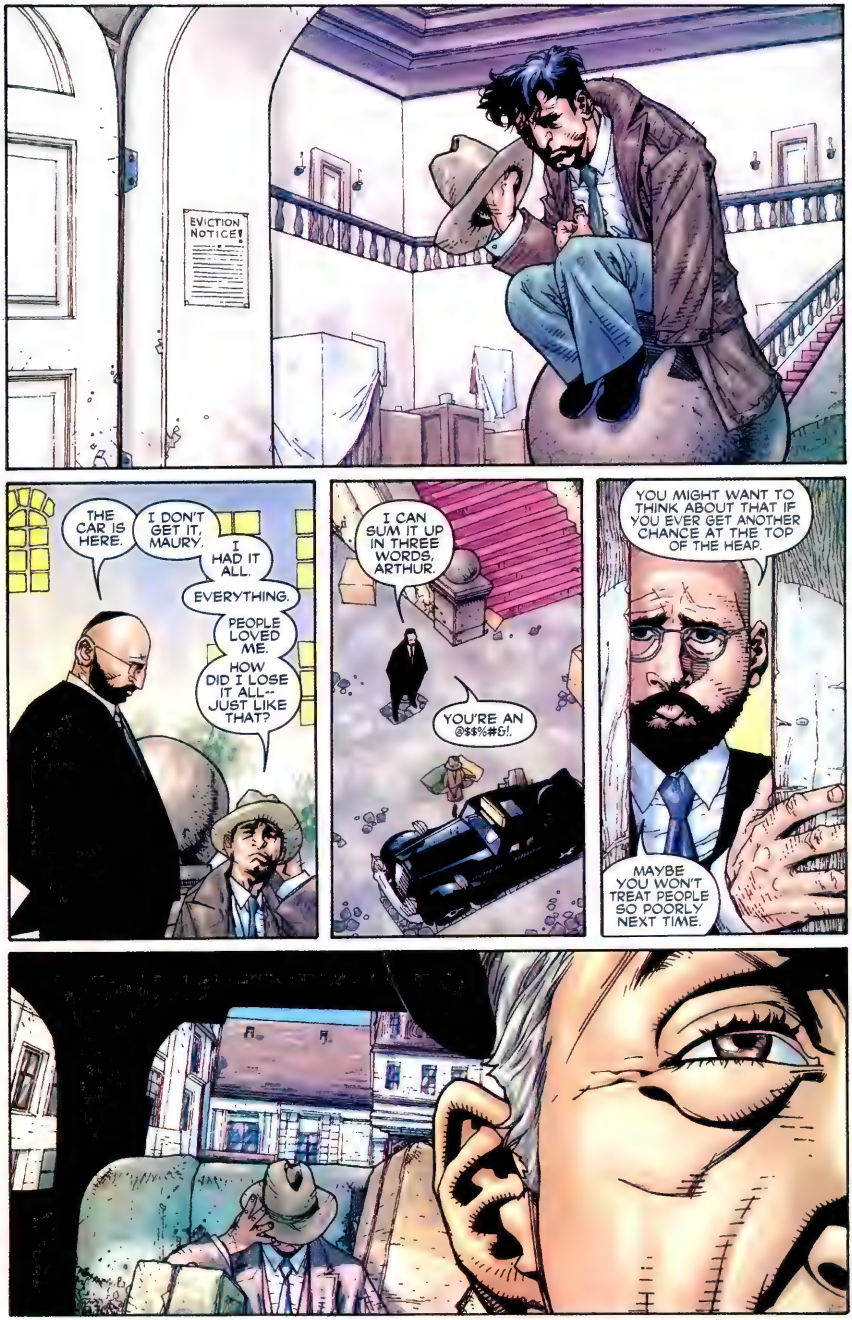
"Cowboy Artie" as he appears in the studio publicity stills. A man of action.

Actor Arthur Bombridge "screen-testing" a young starlet poolside.

To his fans, Cowboy Artie Bombridge is a giant among men — an American hero for our times! But as these exclusive photos show, "America's favorite cowboy" is anything but head and shoulders above the rest of us!

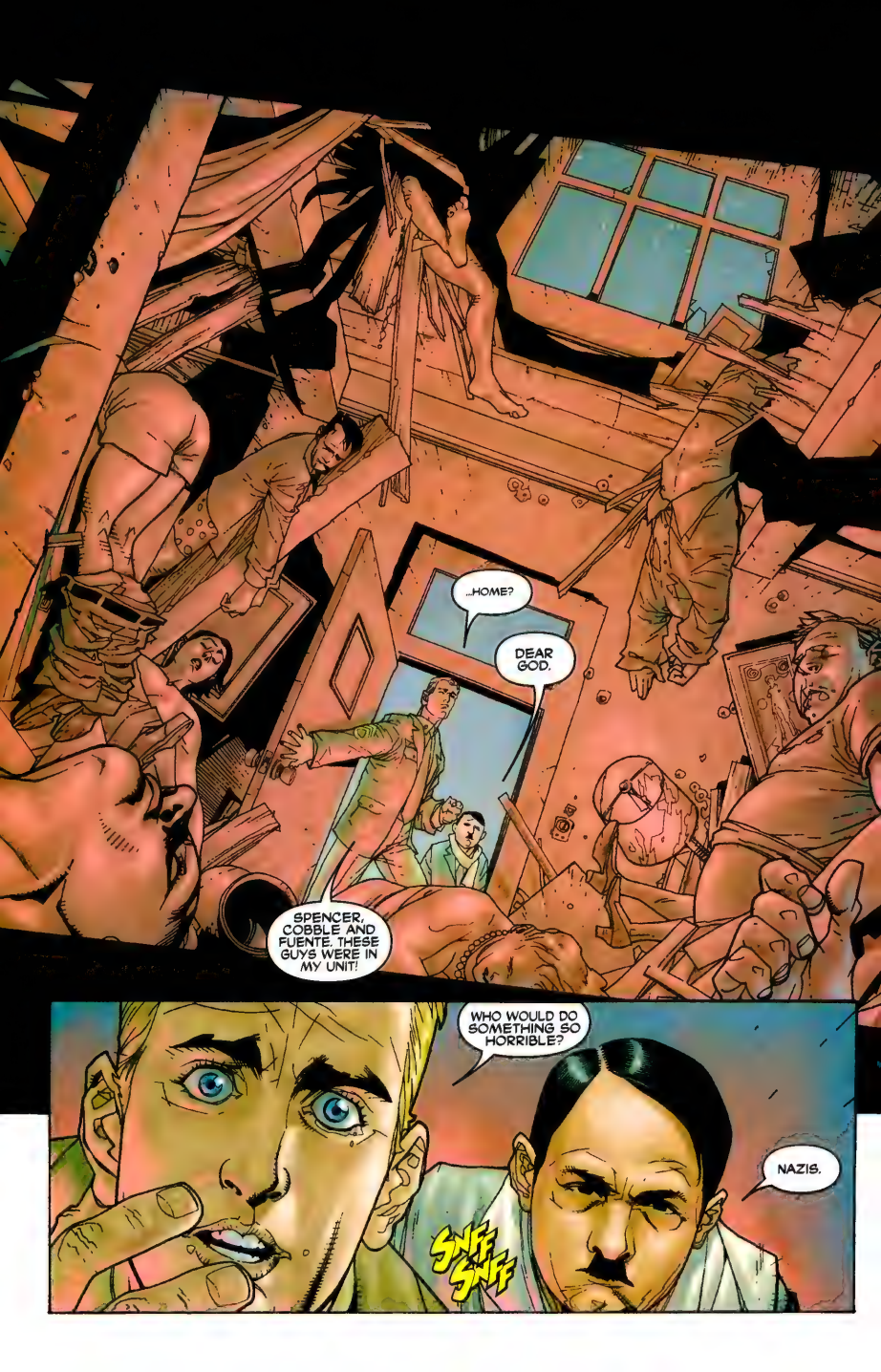
For three years, Moving Pictures Studio kept its biggest star from the press, and now it is clear it had nothing to do with shyness — and everything to do with pulling a hoax on the movie-going public!

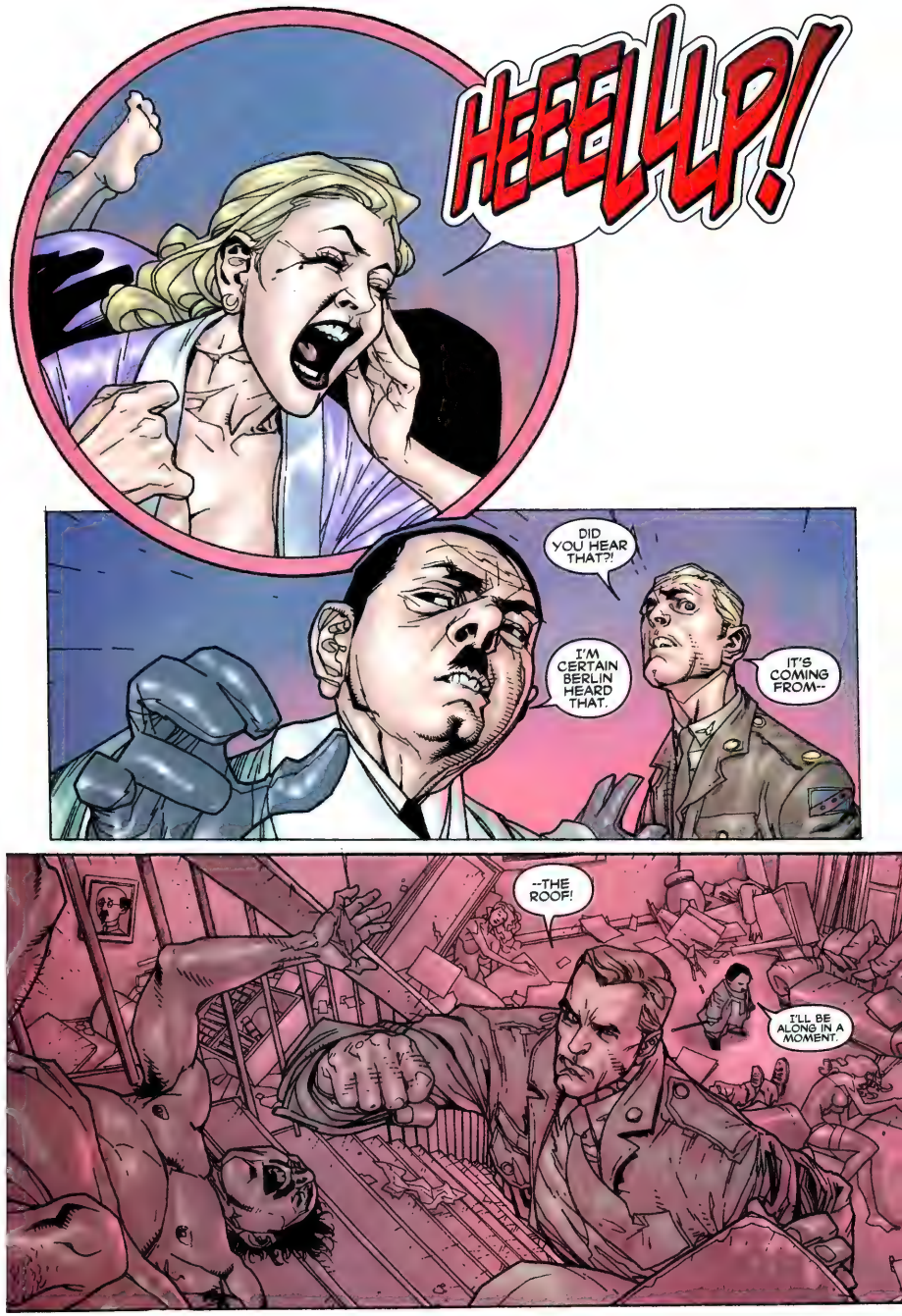
Trick lenses and novelty camera work have been combined to create a hero where there was none. To Moving Pictures and Artie Bombridge, we say "Shame, shame, shame." *(Continued on page two.)*


EVICTION NOTICE!
THE CAR IS HERE.
I DON'T GET IT, MAURY.
I HAD IT ALL.
EVERYTHING.
PEOPLE LOVED ME.
HOW DID I LOSE IT ALL-- JUST LIKE THAT?
I CAN SUM IT UP IN THREE WORDS, ARTHUR.
YOU'RE AN @$$%#&!.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT IF YOU EVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP.
MAYBE YOU WON'T TREAT PEOPLE SO POORLY NEXT TIME.

CHAPTER FOUR.

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING, SIR ARTHUR -- WHY FRANCE?
YOU SING, YOU DANCE, YOU ACT. TALENT LIKE YOURS, YOU SHOULD BE IN THE MOVIES.
YOU EVER THINK ABOUT COMING TO THE STATES? GOING TO LOS ANGELES?
PHEH. HOLLYWOOD IS NO PLACE FOR A SERIOUS ACTOR, SGT. HIGHROAD.
I KNOW OF WHAT I SPEAK.
YOU JUST STOPPED. IS SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?
THE ESTABLISHMENT WE WERE GOING TO PATRONIZE...?
IT WOULD SEEM TO BE CLOSED.
VIVA LE FRANCE
MAYBE NOT, SIR. THE DOORS ARE OPEN. WE CAN JUST SHOUT OUT AND -- HUNM.
THE DOOR SEEMS TO BE... JAMMED 'GAINST SOMETHING.
ODD. GIVE IT A SHOVE?
YES, SIR.
YOO HOO! ANYBODY...


..HOME?
DEAR GOD.
SPENCER, COBBLE AND FUENTE. THESE GUYS WERE IN MY UNIT!
WHO WOULD DO SOMETHING SO HORRIBLE?
NAZIS.
SNIFF SNIFF

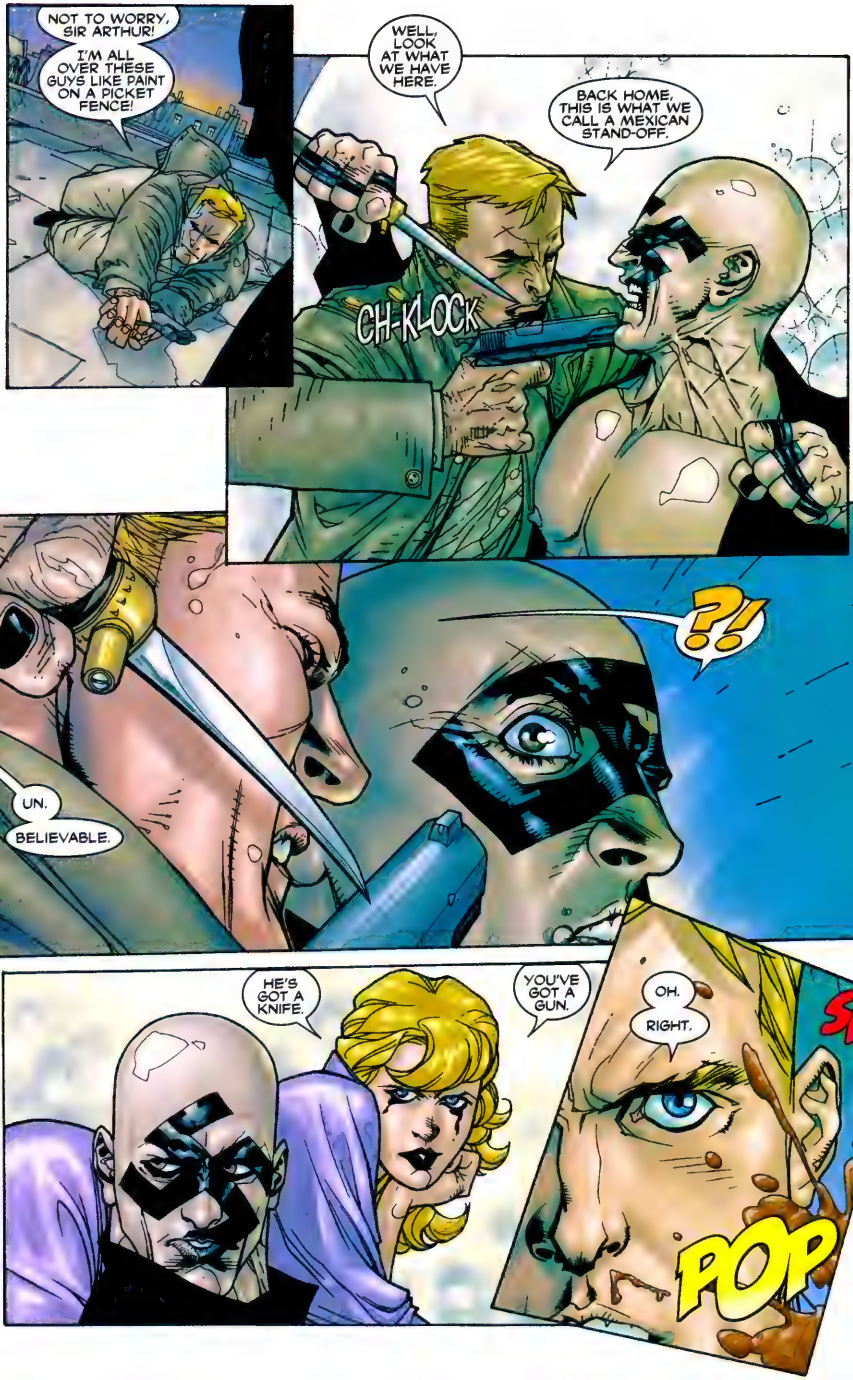

HEEELLLP!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?!
I'M CERTAIN BERLIN HEARD THAT.
IT'S COMING FROM--
--THE ROOF!
I'LL BE ALONG IN A MOMENT.

WHAM
MA'AM, WE HEARD A SCREAM! ARE YOU OKAY...
MA'AM?
HUNH.
WHAP WHAP
WUK?!
TWACK
KICK
PNCH
UHN!
BRAK
GOSH, THAT SMARTS.

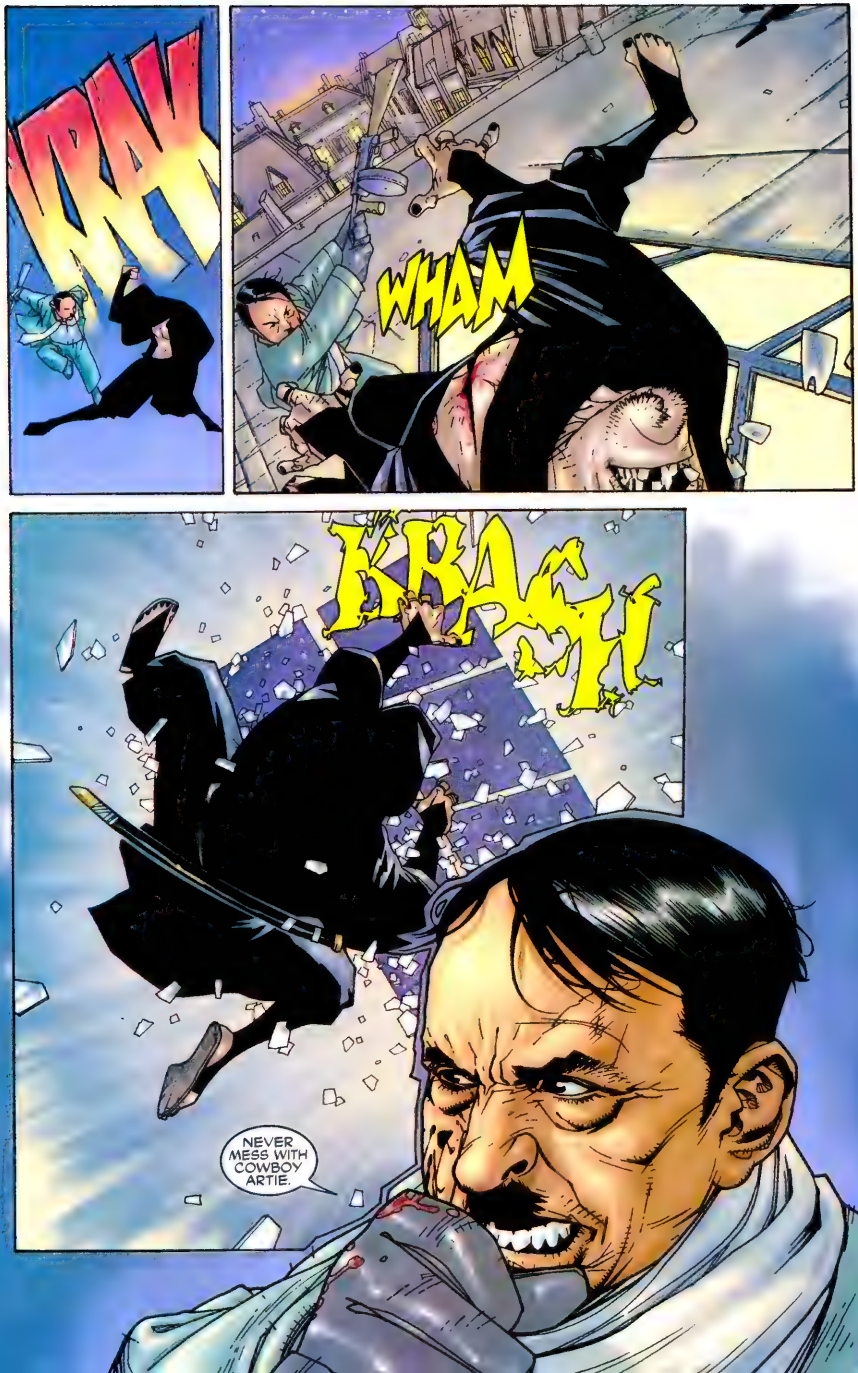
YOU MAY HAVE GOTTEN IN FIRST LICKS, BUT IF YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF A BARBERSHOP QUARTET OF NAZIS IN THEIR JAMMIES--
--THEN YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD AN OCCASION TO MIX IT UP WITH A REAL AMERICAN.
NOW PUT THE LADY DOWN.
U.S.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!
THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A RESCUE?!
PLEASE TELL ME THERE'S AT LEAST ANOTHER BATTALION ABOUT TO CHARGE THROUGH THAT DOOR.

TRUST ME, MA'AM--
--YOU DON'T NEED A WHOLE BATTALION.
YOU ONLY NEED ME AND...
...UM...
ME AND MY...
...
...GUNS?
MAN, YOU'RE FAST.
I DON'T RECKON I CAN CONVINCE YOU TO SETTLE THIS MAN TO MAN?
CH-LOCK
CH-LOCK
HEY, YOU CAN'T BLAME A FELLA FOR ASKING.

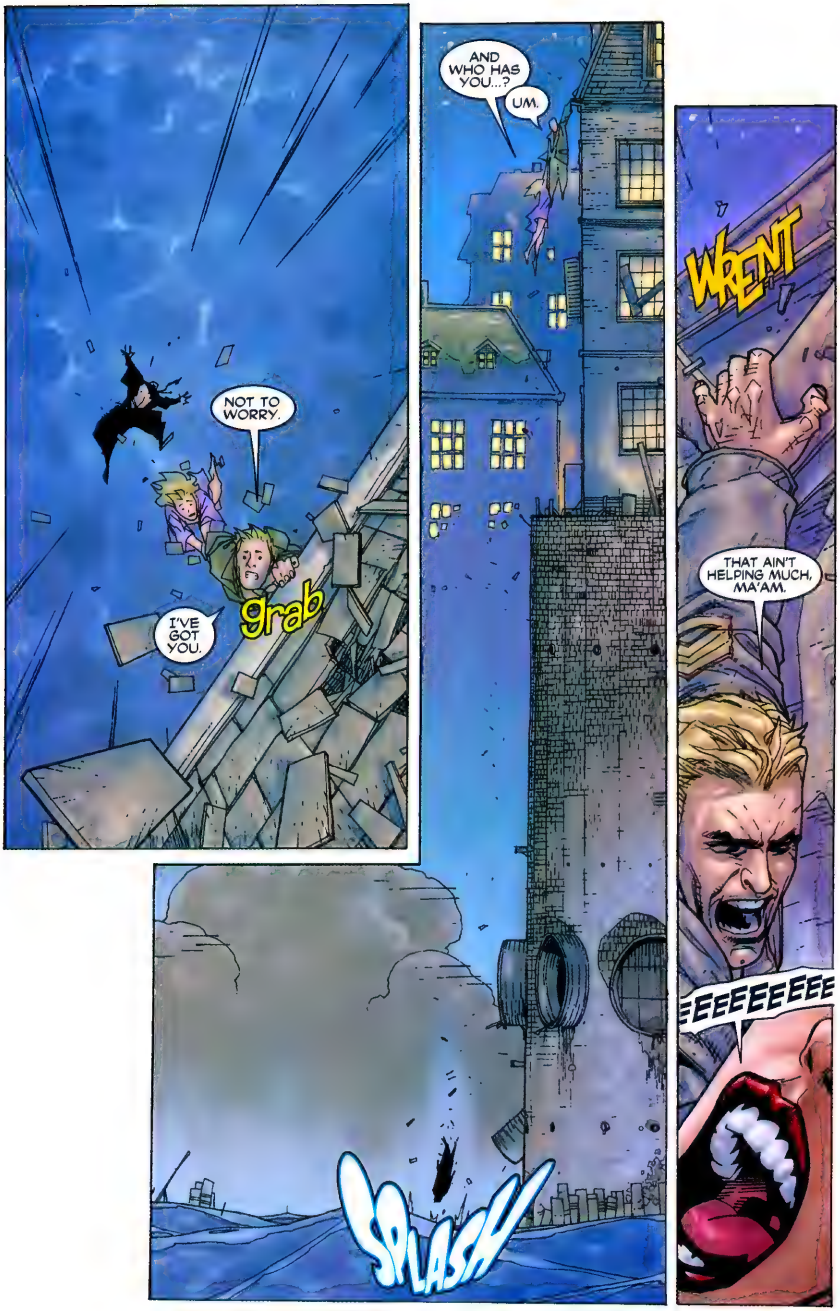
SPLUT
RATTA TAT RATTA TAT TAT
TH-TH-TH-TH-TH--
YOU'RE WELCOME.
WHERE'D YOU GET THE TOMMY-GUN?
MADAME EUGENIA USED TO KEEP IT BEHIND THE COUCH IN THE PARLOR.
THESE BASTARDS SLAUGHTERED EVERYONE BEFORE THEY KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.
WHAT'S SAY WE RETURN THE FAVOR?!
A SHURIKEN--?! JAMMING THE GUN BARREL!
SSSSHUCK!


NOT TO WORRY, SIR ARTHUR!
I'M ALL OVER THESE GUYS LIKE PAINT ON A PICKET FENCE!
WELL, LOOK AT WHAT WE HAVE HERE.
BACK HOME, THIS IS WHAT WE CALL A MEXICAN STAND-OFF.
CH-KLOCK
?!
UN.
BELIEVABLE.
HE'S GOT A KNIFE.
YOU'VE GOT A GUN.
OH.
RIGHT.
SPLAT
POP

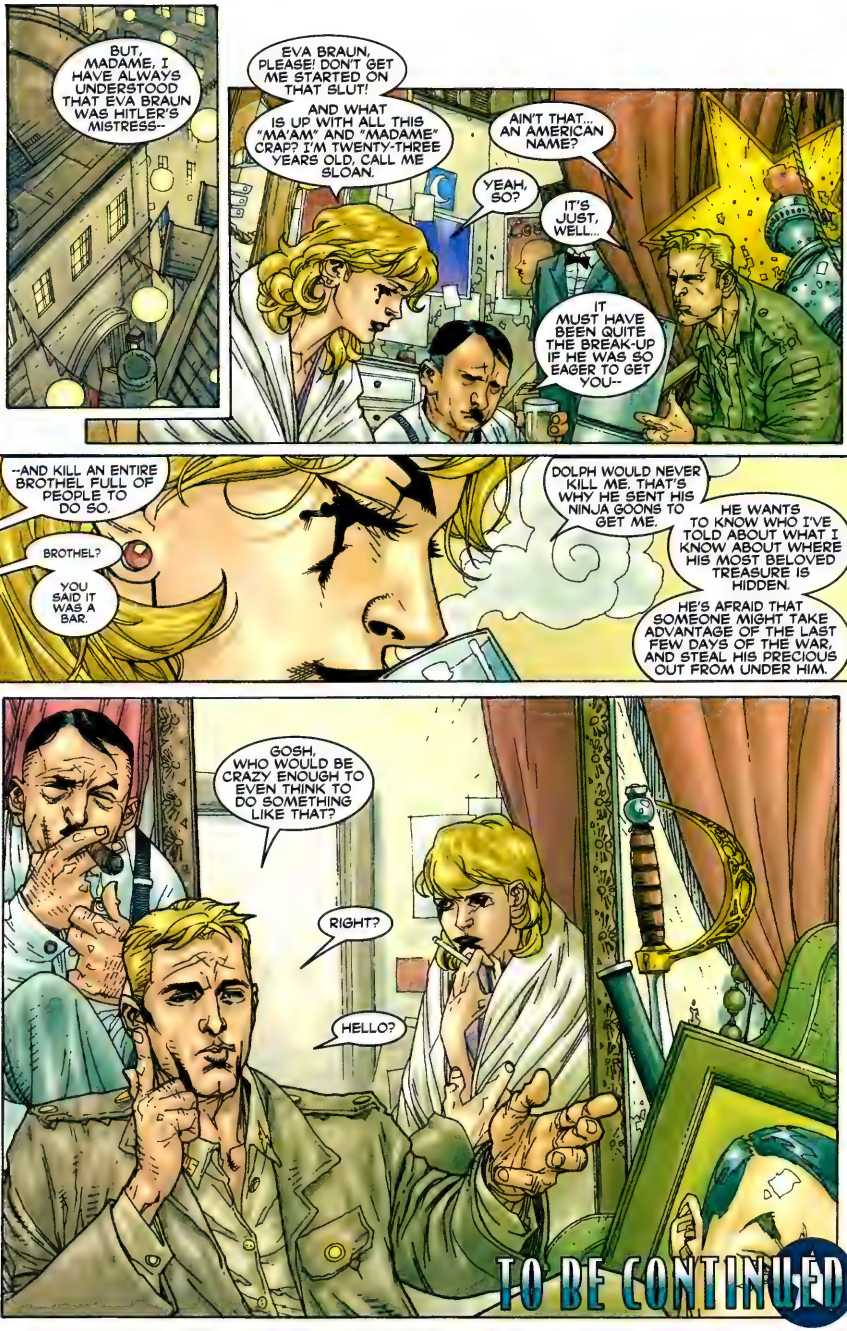
WHAT THE--?!
COME BACK HERE!
UN.
BELIEVABLE.
LEAP
EEEEEEEEE!
SIR ARTHUR--?
FWING
GO, LAD, I'LL BE FINE.
YOU COULDN'T KNOW THIS, "FRIEND"--
SLASH
--BUT THE ONE THING I HATE MORE THAN STUDIO EXECS...
...ARE NAZIS.


PAK
WHAM
KRAGH
NEVER MESS WITH COWBOY ARTIE.

LISTEN TO ME VERY CLOSELY, MR. BROTHERHOOD OF THE IRON CROSS--
?!
YES, I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU AND YOUR SECRET NAZI NINJA SECRET SOCIETY BULLSHIT!
ME AND YOUR BOSS USED TO BE LIKE THIS! AND WHEN 'DOLPH HEARS ABOUT THIS, HE'S GOING TO BE PISSED!
RELAX, MA'AM. CAVALRY'S HERE.
EEEEE
TACKLE
OH, GOOD.
SKKRATCH


NOT TO WORRY.
I'VE GOT YOU.
grab
AND WHO HAS YOU...?
UM.
WRENT
THAT AIN'T HELPING MUCH, MA'AM.
EEEEEEEEE
SPLASH

YOU REALLY POSSESS NO 'RESCUE INSTINCTS' AT ALL, DO YOU?
FWAP
FWIP
FWUP
SIR ARTHUR?!
I BELIEVE I STILL OWE YOU AN AUTOGRAPH.
YOU'RE THE GREATEST!
YES, SO GREAT THAT MY ARM BARELY FEELS LIKE IT'S BEING RIPPED OUT OF ITS SOCKET.


BUT, MADAME, I HAVE ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THAT EVA BRAUN WAS HITLER'S MISTRESS--
EVA BRAUN, PLEASE! DON'T GET ME STARTED ON THAT SLUT!
AND WHAT IS UP WITH ALL THIS "MA'AM" AND "MADAME" CRAP? I'M TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD, CALL ME SLOAN.
AIN'T THAT... AN AMERICAN NAME?
YEAH, SO?
IT'S JUST, WELL...
IT MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE THE BREAK-UP IF HE WAS SO EAGER TO GET YOU--
--AND KILL AN ENTIRE BROTHEL FULL OF PEOPLE TO DO SO.
BROTHEL?
YOU SAID IT WAS A BAR.
DOLPH WOULD NEVER KILL ME. THAT'S WHY HE SENT HIS NINJA GOONS TO GET ME.
HE WANTS TO KNOW WHO I'VE TOLD ABOUT WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WHERE HIS MOST BELOVED TREASURE IS HIDDEN.
HE'S AFRAID THAT SOMEONE MIGHT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE LAST FEW DAYS OF THE WAR, AND STEAL HIS PRECIOUS OUT FROM UNDER HIM.
GOSH, WHO WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO EVEN THINK TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
RIGHT?
HELLO?
TO BE CONTINUED

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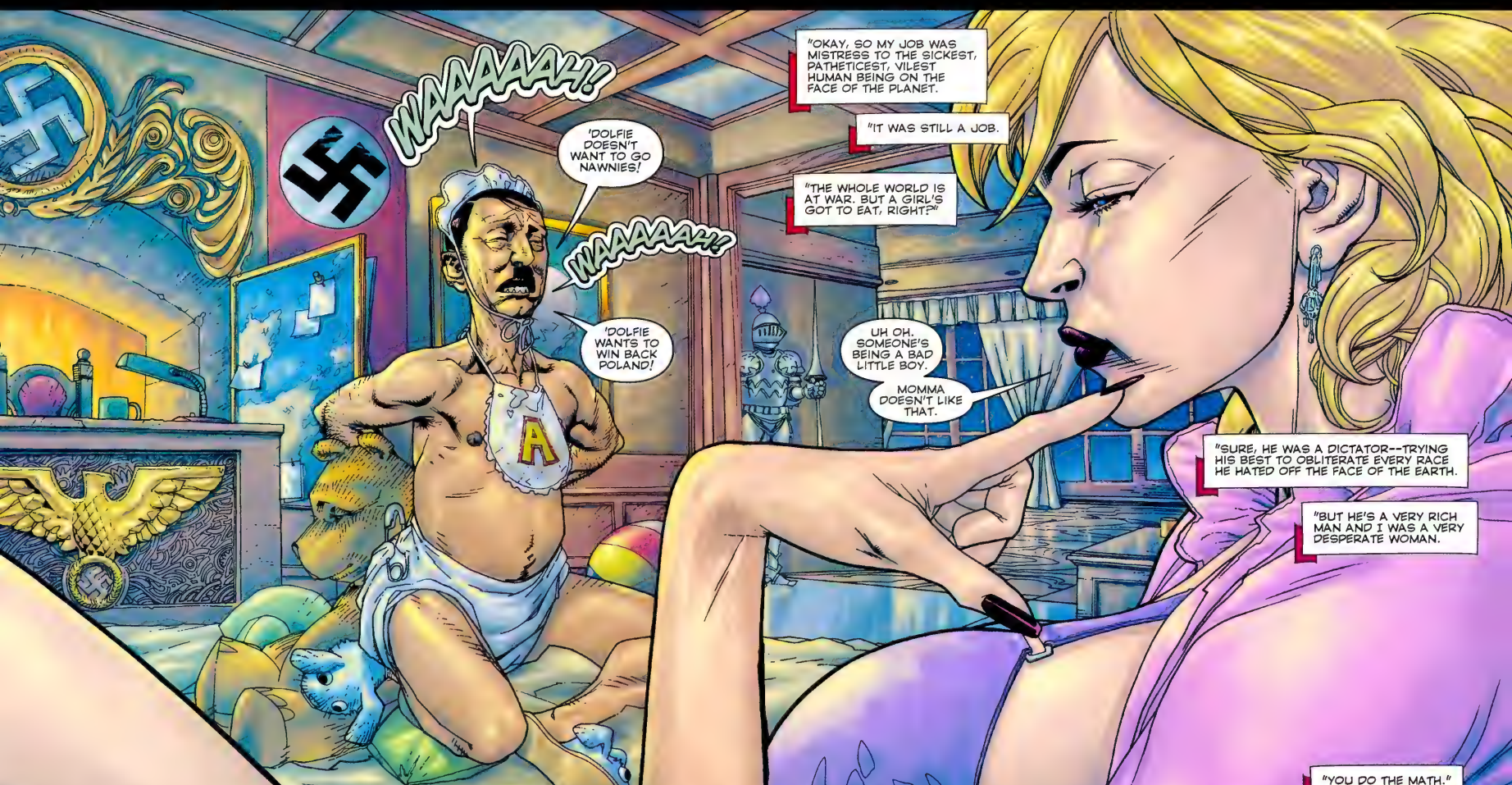
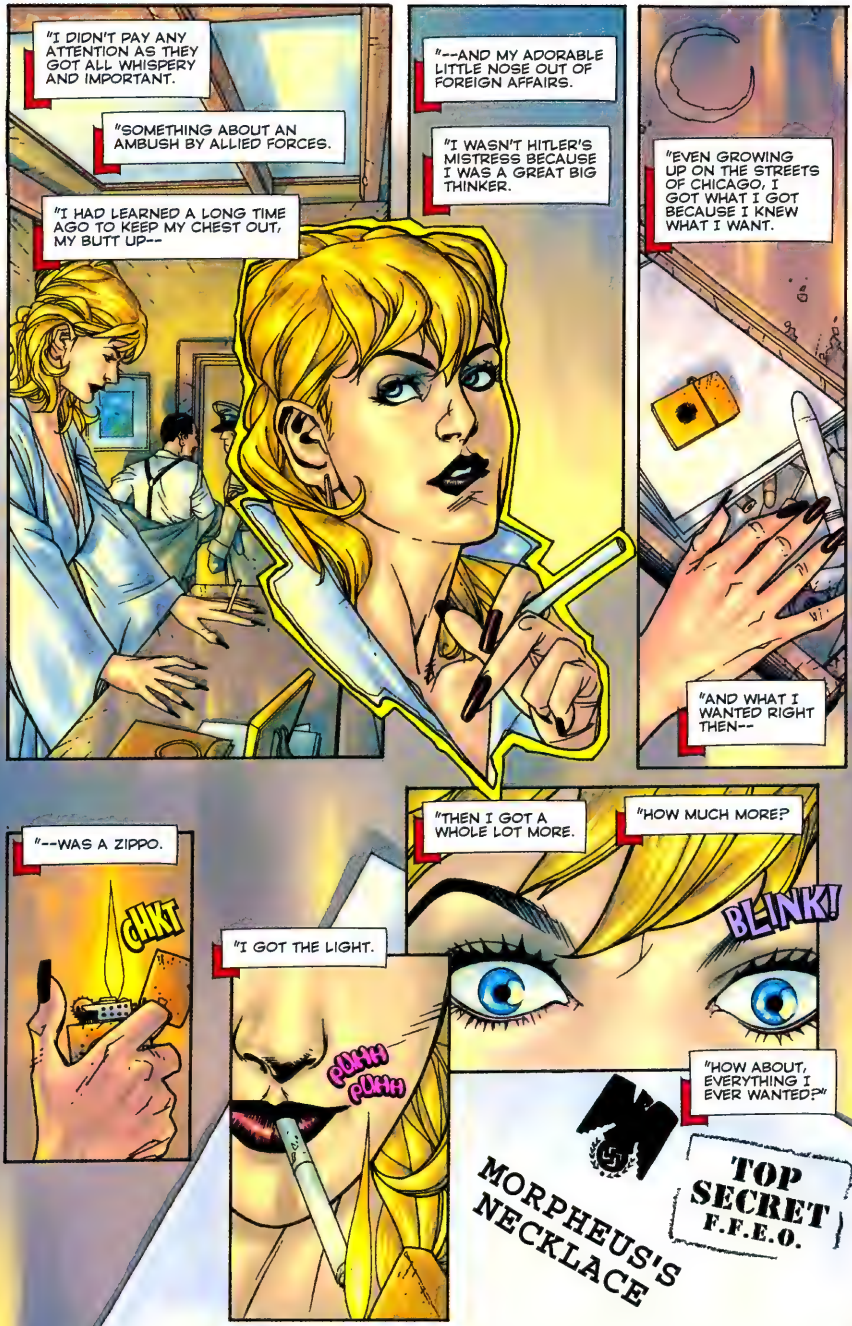
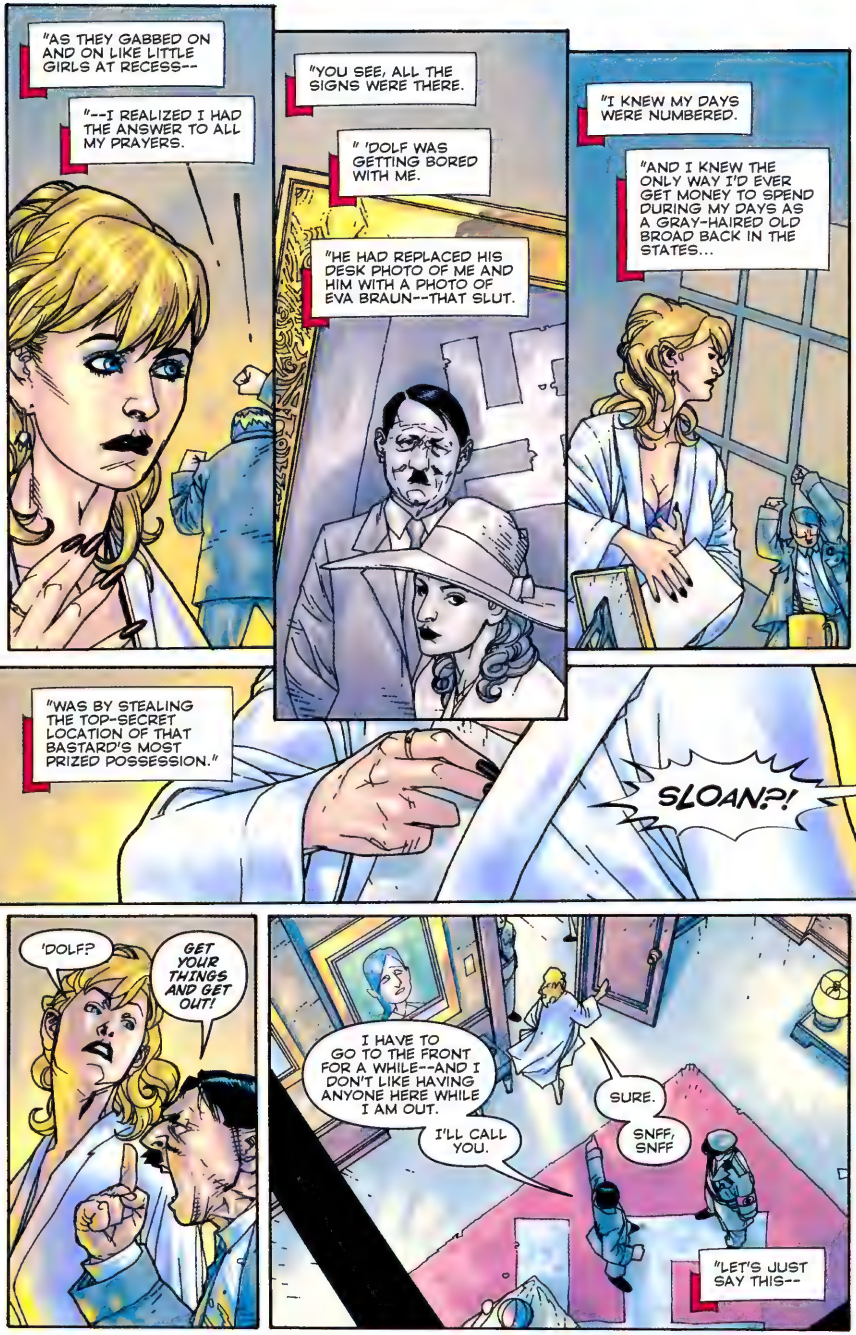
"DO I REMEMBER THE DATE? OF COURSE.
"IT WAS NEARLY A YEAR AGO. THE EARLY MORNING HOURS ON JUNE 6TH, 1944.
"TO THE REST OF THE WORLD, IT WILL ALWAYS BE KNOWN AS D-DAY."
IT'S TIME FOR NAWNIES, LITTLE BOY.
COME TO MOMMA.
"TO ME? IT'S THE DAY I GOT FIRED."
GERRY ALANGUILAN
EDGAR TADEO


WAAAAAAH!
'DOLFIE DOESN'T WANT TO GO NAWNIES!
WAAAAAAH!
'DOLFIE WANTS TO WIN BACK POLAND!
"OKAY, SO MY JOB WAS MISTRESS TO THE SICKEST, PATHETICEST, VILEST HUMAN BEING ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET.
"IT WAS STILL A JOB.
"THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT WAR. BUT A GIRL'S GOT TO EAT, RIGHT?"
UH OH. SOMEONE'S BEING A BAD LITTLE BOY.
MOMMA DOESN'T LIKE THAT.
"SURE, HE WAS A DICTATOR--TRYING HIS BEST TO OBLITERATE EVERY RACE HE HATED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
"BUT HE'S A VERY RICH MAN AND I WAS A VERY DESPERATE WOMAN.
"YOU DO THE MATH."

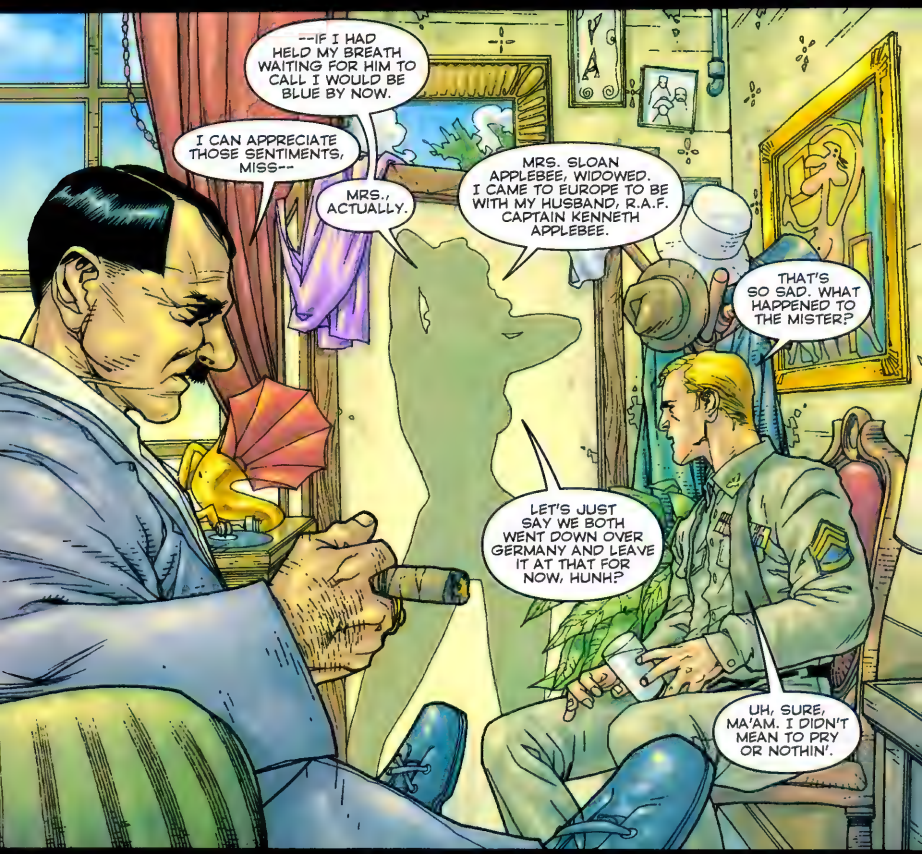
WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS BEFORE, 'DOLFIE, JA?
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO BAD LITTLE BOYS.
TELL ME AGAIN, I FORGET.
I BET IF YOU TRY REALLY HARD, YOU CAN REMEMBER.
IS IT... SPANKY WANKY TIME?!
COLONEL, I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE IF I WERE--
WHAM!
MEIN FUEHRER! I COME WITH NEWS FROM THE FRONT!
THE ALLIED FORCES HAVE--
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
STAB MEINE AUGENE!


"I DIDN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION AS THEY GOT ALL WHISPERY AND IMPORTANT.
"SOMETHING ABOUT AN AMBUSH BY ALLIED FORCES.
"I HAD LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO TO KEEP MY CHEST OUT, MY BUTT UP--
"--AND MY ADORABLE LITTLE NOSE OUT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
"I WASN'T HITLER'S MISTRESS BECAUSE I WAS A GREAT BIG THINKER.
"EVEN GROWING UP ON THE STREETS OF CHICAGO, I GOT WHAT I GOT BECAUSE I KNEW WHAT I WANT.
"AND WHAT I WANTED RIGHT THEN--
"--WAS A ZIPPO.
CHKT
"I GOT THE LIGHT.
POUHH POUHH
"THEN I GOT A WHOLE LOT MORE.
"HOW MUCH MORE?
BLINK!
"HOW ABOUT, EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED?"
TOP SECRET F.F.E.O.
MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE


"AS THEY GABBED ON AND ON LIKE LITTLE GIRLS AT RECESS--
"--I REALIZED I HAD THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PRAYERS.
"YOU SEE, ALL THE SIGNS WERE THERE.
" 'DOLF WAS GETTING BORED WITH ME.
"HE HAD REPLACED HIS DESK PHOTO OF ME AND HIM WITH A PHOTO OF EVA BRAUN--THAT SLUT.
"I KNEW MY DAYS WERE NUMBERED.
"AND I KNEW THE ONLY WAY I'D EVER GET MONEY TO SPEND DURING MY DAYS AS A GRAY-HAIRED OLD BROAD BACK IN THE STATES...
"WAS BY STEALING THE TOP-SECRET LOCATION OF THAT BASTARD'S MOST PRIZED POSSESSION."
SLOAN?!
'DOLF?
GET YOUR THINGS AND GET OUT!
I HAVE TO GO TO THE FRONT FOR A WHILE--AND I DON'T LIKE HAVING ANYONE HERE WHILE I AM OUT.
I'LL CALL YOU.
SURE.
SNFF, SNFF
"LET'S JUST SAY THIS--

CHAPTER SIX:

SCOTT LOBDELL WRITES ★ LEINIL FRANCIS YU PENCILS
GERRY ALANGUILAN INKS ★ AVALON'S EDGAR TADEO COLORS
SERGIO GARCIA LETTERS ★ SCOTT DUNBIER EDITS


--IF I HAD HELD MY BREATH WAITING FOR HIM TO CALL I WOULD BE BLUE BY NOW.
I CAN APPRECIATE THOSE SENTIMENTS, MISS--
MRS., ACTUALLY.
MRS. SLOAN APPLEBEE, WIDOWED. I CAME TO EUROPE TO BE WITH MY HUSBAND, R.A.F. CAPTAIN KENNETH APPLEBEE.
THAT'S SO SAD. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MISTER?
LET'S JUST SAY WE BOTH WENT DOWN OVER GERMANY AND LEAVE IT AT THAT FOR NOW, HUNH?
UH, SURE, MA'AM. I DIDN'T MEAN TO PRY OR NOTHIN'.

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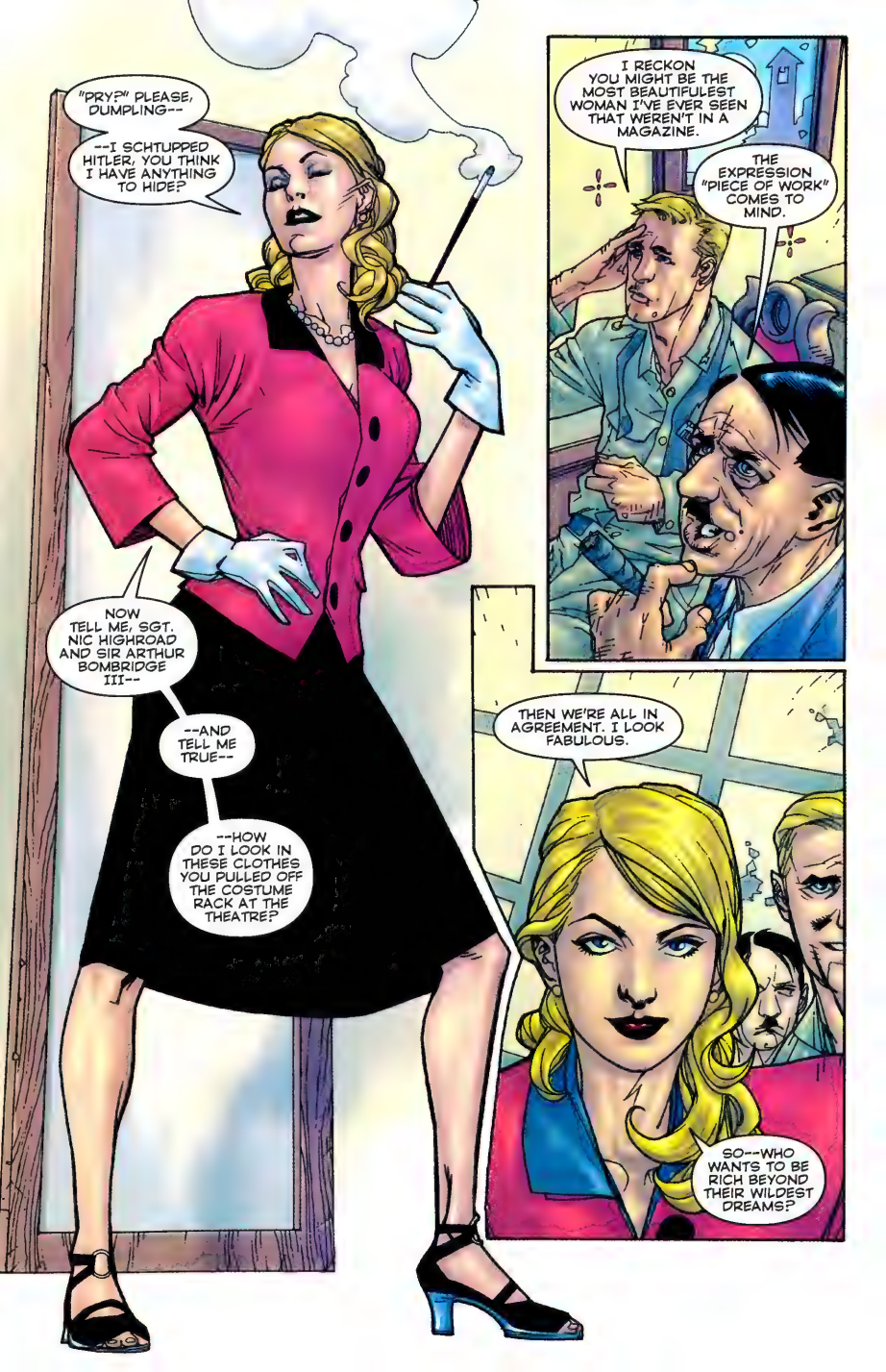
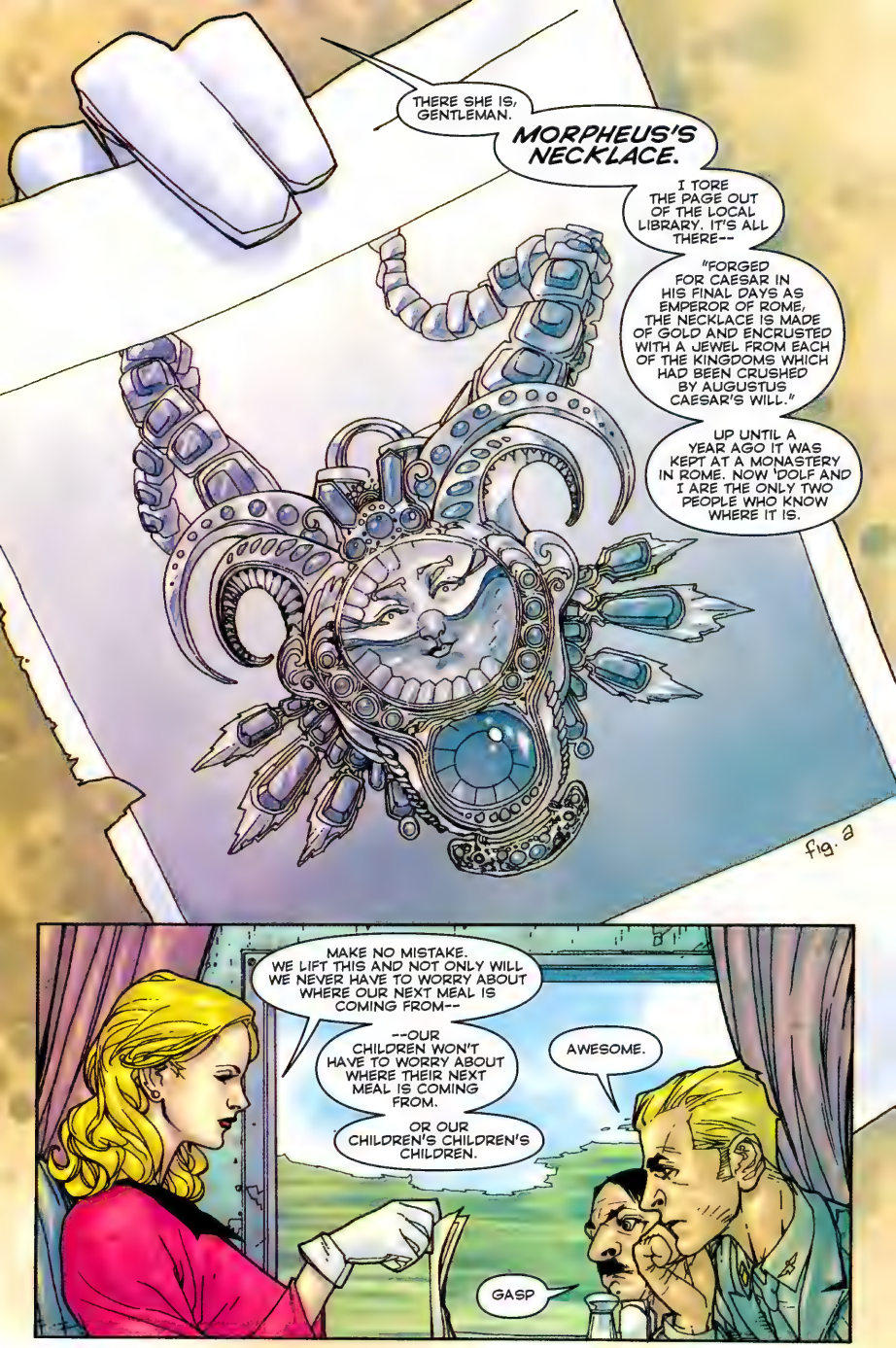
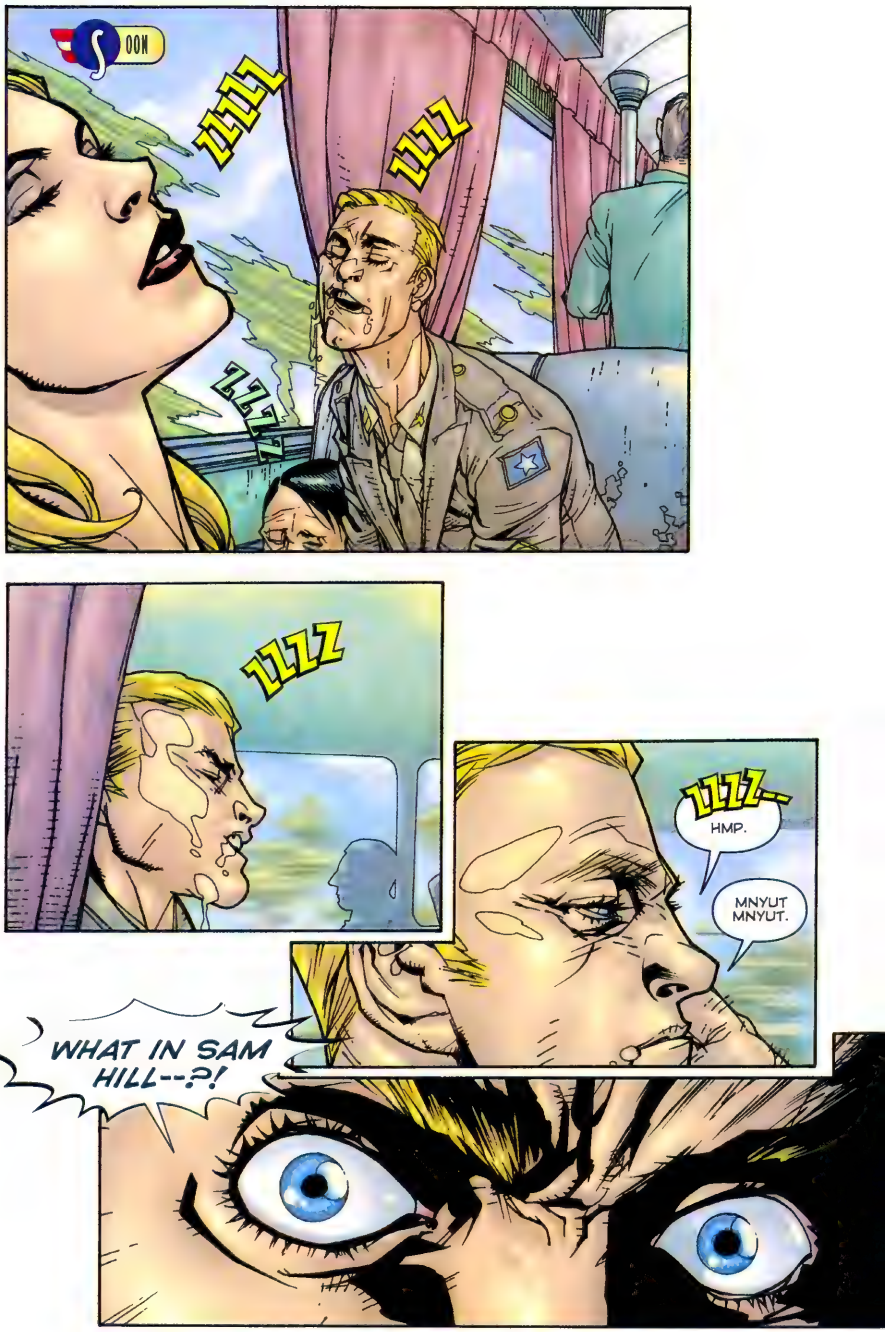

"PRY?" PLEASE, DUMPLING--
--I SCHTUPPED HITLER. YOU THINK I HAVE ANYTHING TO HIDE?
NOW TELL ME, SGT. NIC HIGHROAD AND SIR ARTHUR BOMBRIDGE III--
--AND TELL ME TRUE--
--HOW DO I LOOK IN THESE CLOTHES YOU PULLED OFF THE COSTUME RACK AT THE THEATRE?
I RECKON YOU MIGHT BE THE MOST BEAUTIFULEST WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN THAT WEREN'T IN A MAGAZINE.
THE EXPRESSION "PIECE OF WORK" COMES TO MIND.
THEN WE'RE ALL IN AGREEMENT. I LOOK FABULOUS.
SO--WHO WANTS TO BE RICH BEYOND THEIR WILDEST DREAMS?

SOON, AT THE GARE DU NORD...
SO HOW LONG AGO WERE YOU KNIGHTED, SIR ARTHUR?
I WASN'T.
BUT...I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
AS A YOUTH, I ENJOYED SOMETHING OF A FILM CAREER BACK IN THE STATES.
WHEN I RETURNED TO MY NATIVE ENGLAND AND FAILED TO SCRUB THE STENCH OF FAILURE FROM MYSELF--
--I DECIDED I NEEDED AN AIR OF GRAVITUS. THAT IS WHEN I HAD MY FIRST NAMED LEGALLY CHANGED TO "SIR."
OH.
DID IT WORK OUT?
THE ONLY JOB AVAILABLE TO ME IS A LEAD ROLE IN "LE PETITE DICTATOR" IN A MUSICAL-COMEDY PARISIAN REVUE.
TELL ME, YOUNG LADY--HOW DO YOU THINK IT WORKED OUT?
SIR ARTHUR?! MRS. APPLEBEE?!
I GOT US ALL THREE BOOKED ON THE NEXT TRAIN OUT--THANKS TO SIR ARTHUR PAYING THE TAB.
IT'S ALL SO CHIVALROUS OF YOU. IN THESE DAYS OF WAR AND ESPIONAGE AND COUNTER-ESPIONAGE...IT IS RARE TO FIND SOMEONE SO TRUSTING AND--
LEST WE HARBOR ANY ILLUSIONS HERE, CHILDREN--I'M IN THIS FOR THE MONEY.
HAW! GO ON, SIR ARTHUR. YOU DON'T MEAN THAT.
HECK, YOU WENT AND RESCUED ME AND THE LADY HERE EVEN BEFORE YOU KNEW SHE KNEW 'BOUT SOME SECRET TREASURE.
WELL PUT.
THOSE NAZIS WHAT TRIED TO KILL YOU--?*
--THEY KILLED SOME SOLDIERS TRYING TO GET TO YOU.
THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN "FRIENDS" BUT THEY WERE AMERICANS.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, NIC?
ARE YOU JUST TAGGING ALONG OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF YOUR HEART?
* LAST ISSUE!
IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT OF ME TO LET YOU FACE DOWN THOSE--
--THOSE S.O.B.S ON YOUR OWN.
EXCUSE MY LANGUAGE, MA'AM.

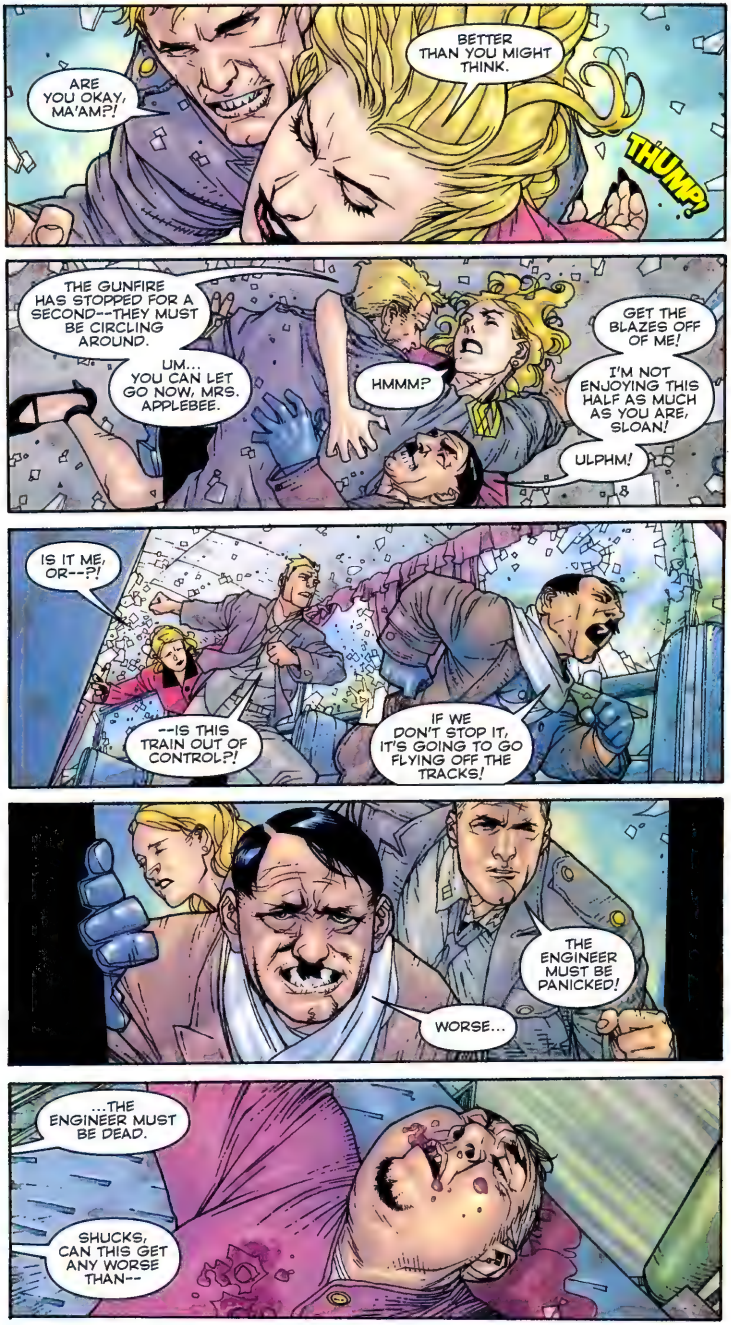
TOOOOOUUUUUUT A BORD!
TELL ME, SIR ARTHUR-- WE'RE ONLY GOING TO THE FRENCH/GERMAN BORDER FOR TWO DAYS.
WHY THE NEED TO TAKE YOUR STEAMER TRUNK?
I'M AN ACT-TOR, WOMAN.
ACT-TORS GO NOWHERE WITHOUT THEIR ACCOUTREMENTS.
LE MIROIRS DE CIRQUE, HEH HEH.
ITS FONT ME RIT!
FRENCH CIRCUS
CAREFUL WITH THAT MIRROR--IT COSTS THE CIRCUS A SMALL FORTUNE!
OUI, OUI!
UP YOU GO, MA'AM.
SAFE SO FAR. MAYBE 'DOLF'S PRIVATE BROTHERHOOD OF THE IRON CROSS GAVE UP AND WENT HOME.
IT'S NOT AS IF HE DOESN'T HAVE MORE ON HIS MIND THAN A SINGLE NECKLACE, NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT'S WORTH.
HMM.
GAS MAIN EXPLOSION KILLS ALL IN PARIS HOUSE

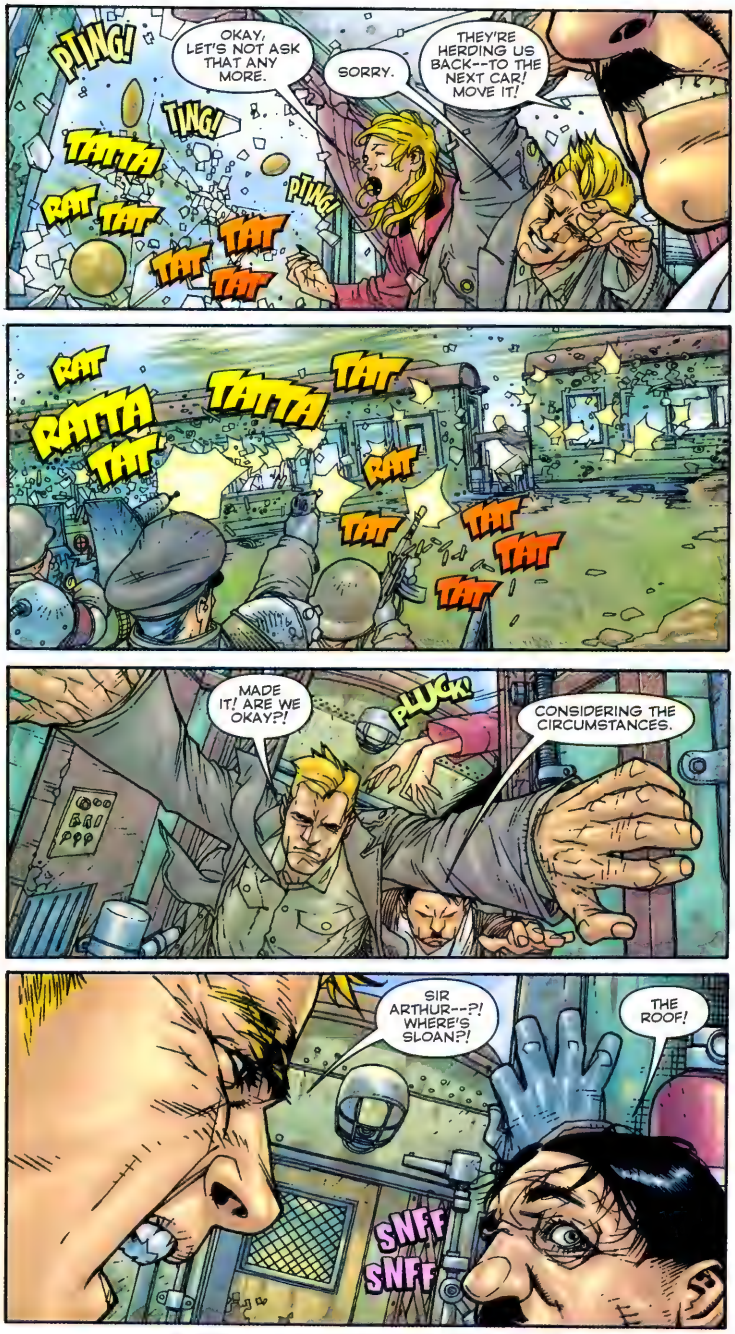

THERE SHE IS, GENTLEMAN.
MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE.
I TORE THE PAGE OUT OF THE LOCAL LIBRARY. IT'S ALL THERE--
"FORGED FOR CAESAR IN HIS FINAL DAYS AS EMPEROR OF ROME, THE NECKLACE IS MADE OF GOLD AND ENCRUSTED WITH A JEWEL FROM EACH OF THE KINGDOMS WHICH HAD BEEN CRUSHED BY AUGUSTUS CAESAR'S WILL."
UP UNTIL A YEAR AGO IT WAS KEPT AT A MONASTERY IN ROME. NOW 'DOLF AND I ARE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHERE IT IS.
fig. 8
MAKE NO MISTAKE. WE LIFT THIS AND NOT ONLY WILL WE NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHERE OUR NEXT MEAL IS COMING FROM--
--OUR CHILDREN WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHERE THEIR NEXT MEAL IS COMING FROM.
OR OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.
AWESOME.
GASP

AND WHERE DID YOU SAY YOU WERE HIDING THOSE DIRECTIONS?
I DIDN'T.
BUT THEY'RE SOMEWHERE SAFE.
IT SURE IS PRETTY AND ALL-- AND I HATE TO BE THE ONE TO BRING THIS UP...
...BUT AIN'T WE TALKING ABOUT, WELL... STEALING?
MARYJESUS-ANDJOSEPH, LAD! WE'RE STEALING FROM HITLER!
ACTUALLY, NIC, EVEN BEFORE 'DOLF GOT A HOLD OF IT, THE NECKLACE'S OWNERSHIP WAS IN DISPUTE BETWEEN THREE COUNTRIES WHO ALL HAD A CLAIM TO IT.
GREECE, ITALY AND BELGIUM--AS THE BLACKSMITH WHO FORGED IT MIGRATED TO BELGIUM AFTER ROME FELL.
SO IN A WAY, WE'RE DOING ALL THOSE COUNTRIES A FAVOR BY APPROPRIATING THE NECKLACE SO THERE'LL BE NO MORE FIGHTING FOR IT.
OH, I GET IT!
I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE GONNA "APPROPRIATE" IT.
UTTER BOLLOCKS. DO YOU THINK HE IS SO NAIVE THAT HE WOULD--
I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. APPLEBEE--THIS WAY WE CAN PREVENT ANOTHER WORLD WAR, HUNH?
EXACTLY.
WE'RE GOING TO BE TRAVELING SEVERAL HOURS. MIGHT I SUGGEST WE ALL GET SOME SHUT-EYE?
:SIGH:
Y'ALL GO RIGHT AHEAD.
ME? I'M A SOLDIER. I'VE BEEN TRAINED FOR THIS SORT OF THING.
YOU TWO CAN REST EASY KNOWING THAT I'LL BE KEEPING AN EYE OUT FOR Y'ALL.


SOON
ZZZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
ZZZZ--
HMP.
MNYUT MNYUT.
WHAT IN SAM HILL--?!

TATTA
TAT
RATTA
TAT
TAT
TAT
TAT
RAT
TAT
EVERYBODY DOWN!
CRASH!
CRASH!
CRASH!
PTING!
PTING!
PTING!
PTING!
PTING!
CRASH!
CRASH!
CRASH!
PTING!
PTING!
PTING!
PTING!
NAZIS!
MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY.
NEXT TIME YOU KEEP AN EYE ON US--?
--USE TWO EYES!


ARE YOU OKAY, MA'AM?!
BETTER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.
THUMP!
THE GUNFIRE HAS STOPPED FOR A SECOND--THEY MUST BE CIRCLING AROUND.
UM... YOU CAN LET GO NOW, MRS. APPLEBEE.
HMMM?
GET THE BLAZES OFF OF ME!
I'M NOT ENJOYING THIS HALF AS MUCH AS YOU ARE, SLOAN!
ULPHM!
IS IT ME, OR--?!
--IS THIS TRAIN OUT OF CONTROL?!
IF WE DON'T STOP IT, IT'S GOING TO GO FLYING OFF THE TRACKS!
THE ENGINEER MUST BE PANICKED!
WORSE...
...THE ENGINEER MUST BE DEAD.
SHUCKS, CAN THIS GET ANY WORSE THAN--


PTING!
OKAY, LET'S NOT ASK THAT ANY MORE.
TING!
TATTA
RAT
TAT
TAT
TAT
TAT
SORRY.
PTING!
THEY'RE HERDING US BACK--TO THE NEXT CAR! MOVE IT!
RAT
RATTA
TAT
TATTA
TAT
RAT
TAT
TAT
TAT
TAT
MADE IT! ARE WE OKAY?!
PLUCK!
CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
SIR ARTHUR--?! WHERE'S SLOAN?!
THE ROOF!
SNFF
SNFF

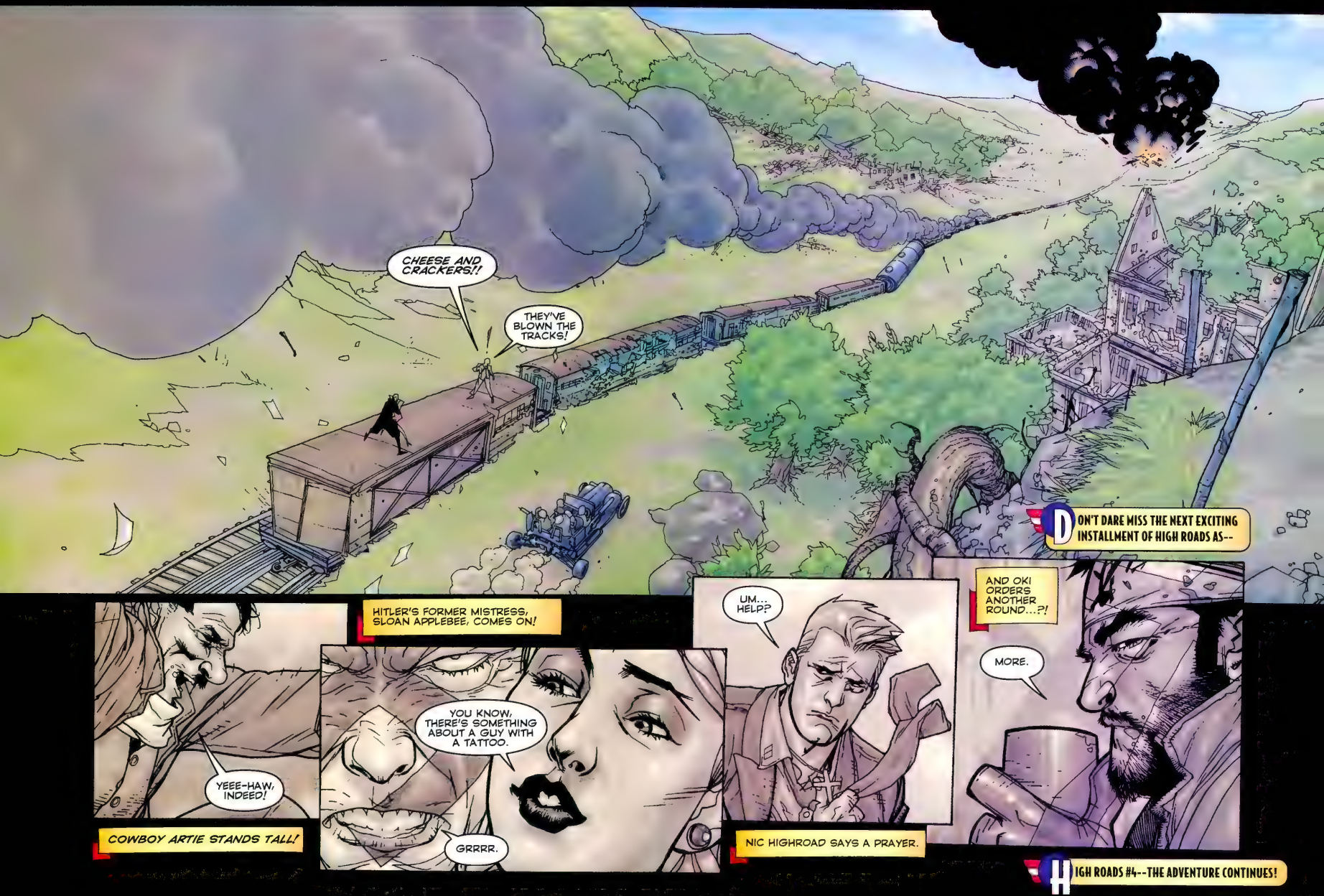
WHAT IS IT WITH THAT LADY AND ROOFTOPS?
I'LL GO GET HER, SIR. YOU STAY...UM... LOW.
I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, NICOLAS.
YOUR CONCERN IS THAT YOUNG WOMAN AND HER MAP!
YOU ARE QUITE A GUY, SIR ARTHUR. THROUGH ALL OF THIS AND YOU'RE STILL WORRIED ABOUT SOME LADY YOU BARELY KNOW.
YOU MAY LOOK LIKE A SMALLER HITLER-- BUT YOU'RE TWICE THE MAN THAT HE'LL EVER BE!
...
SIR ARTHUR-- WHERE'RE YOU GOING?!
TO GET THOSE RATZI HOOLIGANS OFF OUR BACKS!
NOW GO, LAD!

PUHH
FUNNY, THE WAY LIFE HAS OF WORKIN' OUT.

I SHOULD BE ON MY WAY HOME TO WALLOW POINT--'BOARD A PLANE HEADING BACK TO THE STATES, MOMMA AND CHRISTA JEAN.
BUT WHAT WAS IT DAD USED TO SAY TO ME?
"SOMETIMES, NIC--WHEREVER YOU ARE...
"...IS EXACTLY WHERE YOU'RE MOST SUPPOSED TO BE."

UM... OKAY.
THIS LOOKS REALLY BAD.

TURN AROUND, NIC--
--IT ONLY GETS WORSE.


CHEESE AND CRACKERS!!
THEY'VE BLOWN THE TRACKS!
DON'T DARE MISS THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT OF HIGH ROADS AS--
YEEE-HAW, INDEED!
COWBOY ARTIE STANDS TALL!
HITLER'S FORMER MISTRESS, SLOAN APPLEBEE, COMES ON!
YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A GUY WITH A TATTOO.
GRRRR.
UM... HELP?
NIC HIGHROAD SAYS A PRAYER.
AND OKI ORDERS ANOTHER ROUND...?!
MORE.
HIGH ROADS #4--THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES!

CLIFFHANGER!
HIGH ROADS
#4 of 6 SEP
SCOTT LOBDELL
LEINIL YU
GERRY ALANGUILAN
EDGAR TADEO
LEINIL 2002
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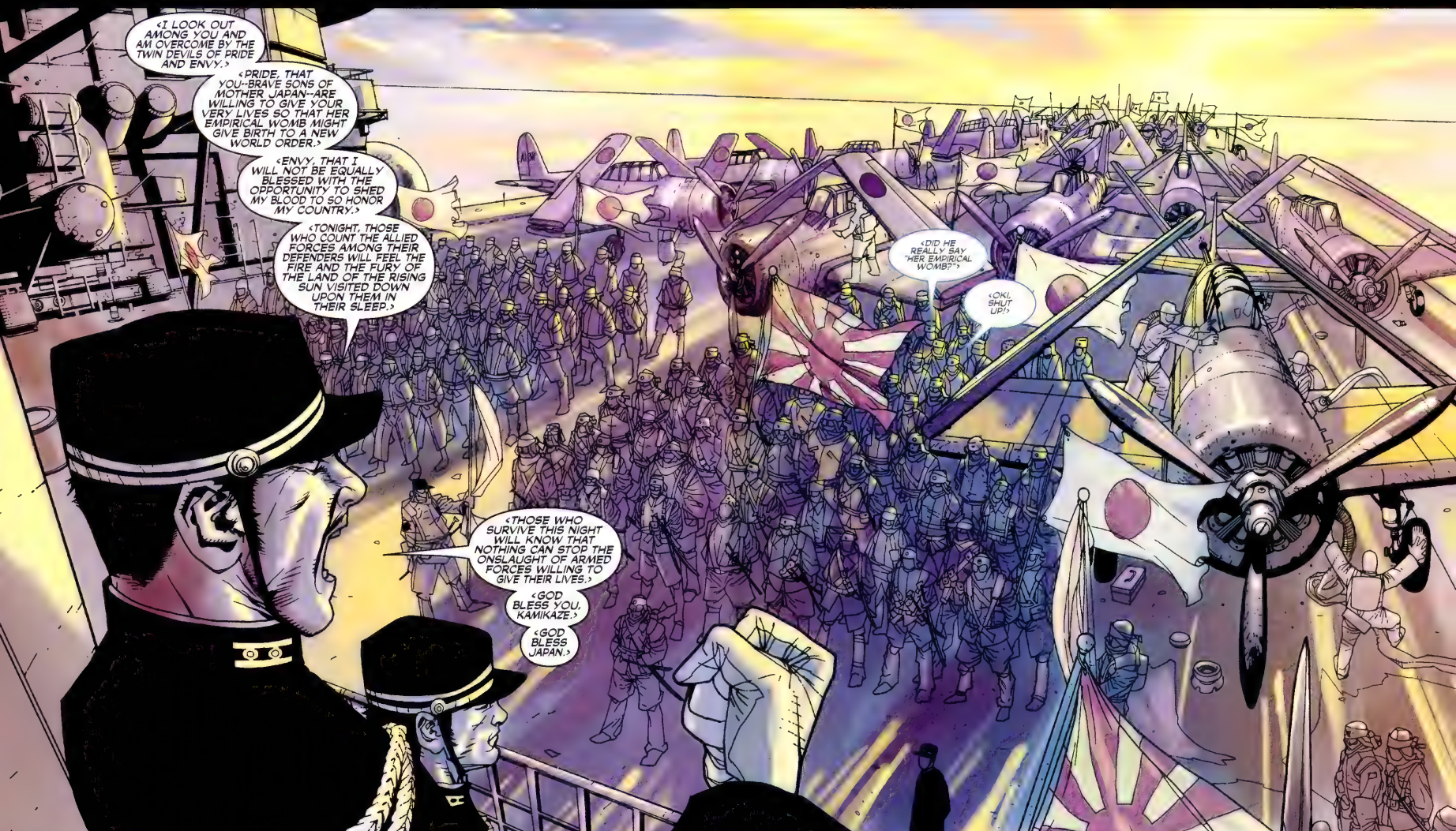
HIGH ROADS

CREATED BY SCOTT LOBDELL AND LEINIL FRANCIS YU

SCOTT LOBDELL WRITES ★ LEINIL FRANCIS YU PENCILS

GERRY ALANGUILAN INKS ★ AVALON'S EDGAR TADEO COLORS

COMICRAFT LETTERS ★ SCOTT DUNBIER EDITS


‹I LOOK OUT AMONG YOU AND AM OVERCOME BY THE TWIN DEVILS OF PRIDE AND ENVY.›
‹PRIDE, THAT YOU--BRAVE SONS OF MOTHER JAPAN--ARE WILLING TO GIVE YOUR VERY LIVES SO THAT HER EMPIRICAL WOMB MIGHT GIVE BIRTH TO A NEW WORLD ORDER.›
‹ENVY, THAT I WILL NOT BE EQUALLY BLESSED WITH THE OPPORTUNITY TO SHED MY BLOOD TO SO HONOR MY COUNTRY.›
‹TONIGHT, THOSE WHO COUNT THE ALLIED FORCES AMONG THEIR DEFENDERS WILL FEEL THE FIRE AND THE FURY OF THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN VISITED DOWN UPON THEM IN THEIR SLEEP.›
‹DID HE REALLY SAY "HER EMPIRICAL WOMB?"›
‹OKI, SHUT UP!›
‹THOSE WHO SURVIVE THIS NIGHT WILL KNOW THAT NOTHING CAN STOP THE ONSLAUGHT OF ARMED FORCES WILLING TO GIVE THEIR LIVES.›
‹GOD BLESS YOU, KAMIKAZE.›
‹GOD BLESS JAPAN.›

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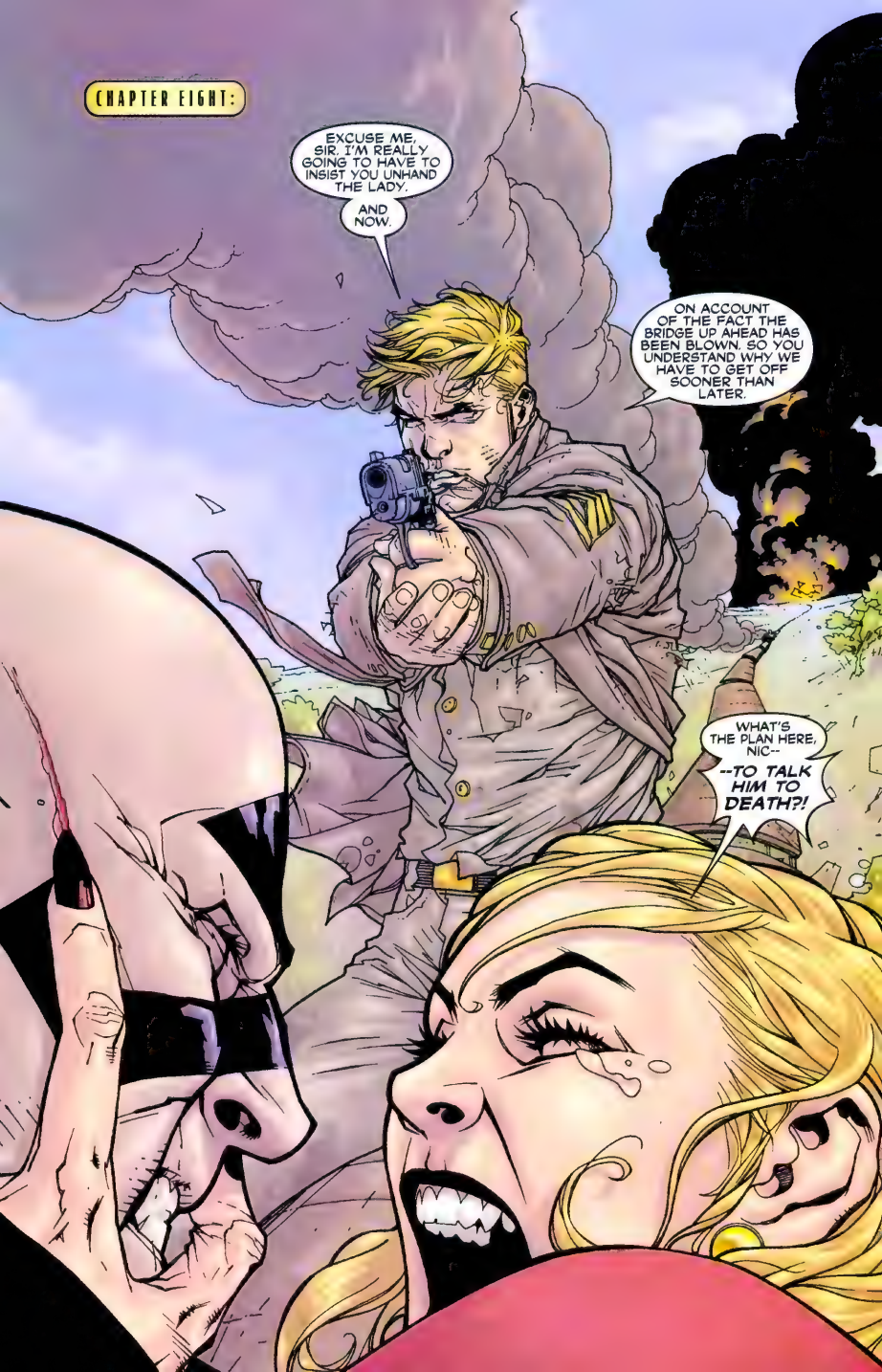
«CAPTAIN, I SALUTE YOU!»
«YEAH, THANKS FOR THAT.»
SIGH
«FATHER.»
«MOTHER.»
BANZAI!
BANZAI!
BANZAI!
BANZAI!
BANZAI!
BANZAI!
BANZAI!
«YEAH... BANZAI.»

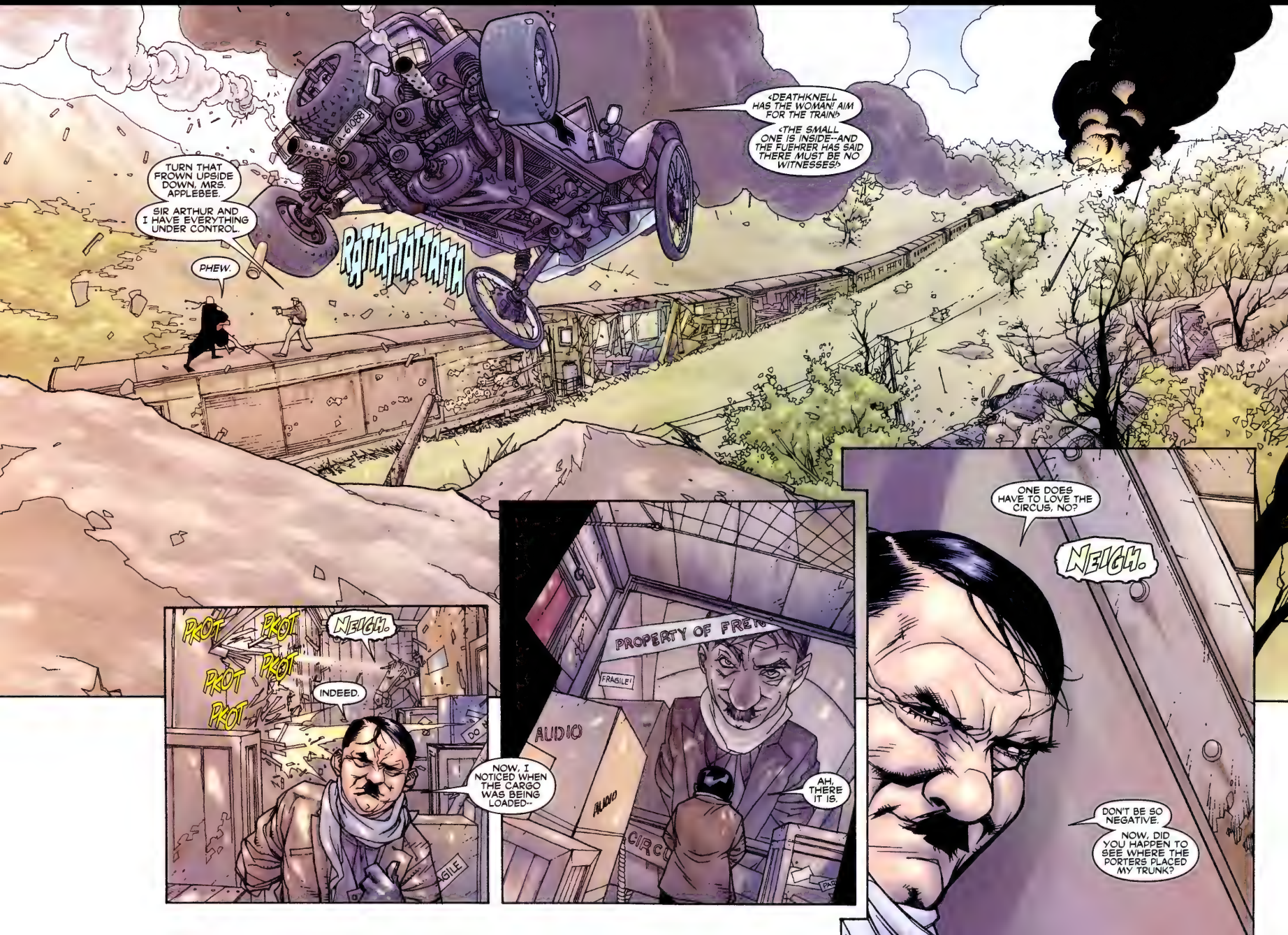
‹HONI, ARE YOU THERE?›
‹OKI, PLEASE! RADIO SILENCE OVER ENEMY AIRSPACE!›
‹YOU ARE GOING TO GET US INTO TROUBLE!›
‹I AM ABOUT TO CRASH MY PLANE INTO A CHURCH, HONI--›
‹--HOW MUCH TROUBLE CAN I GET IN?›

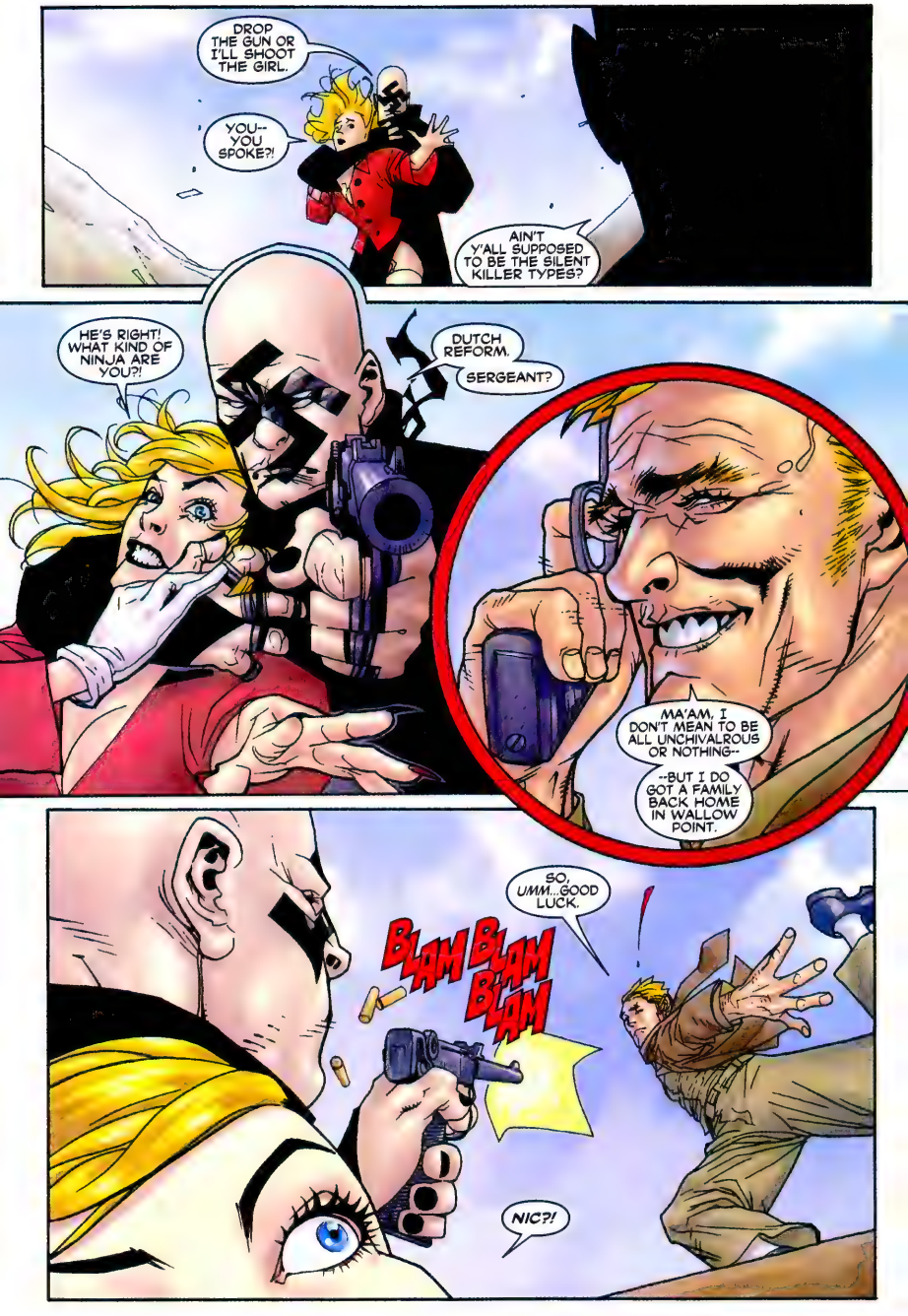
‹FOR THE LAST TIME...WHY ARE WE DOING THIS AGAIN?›
‹BECAUSE TO DO OTHERWISE IS TO BRING SHAME TO OUR FAMILIES!›
‹LET'S FINISH THIS CONVERSATION IN HEAVEN, MY FRIEND.›

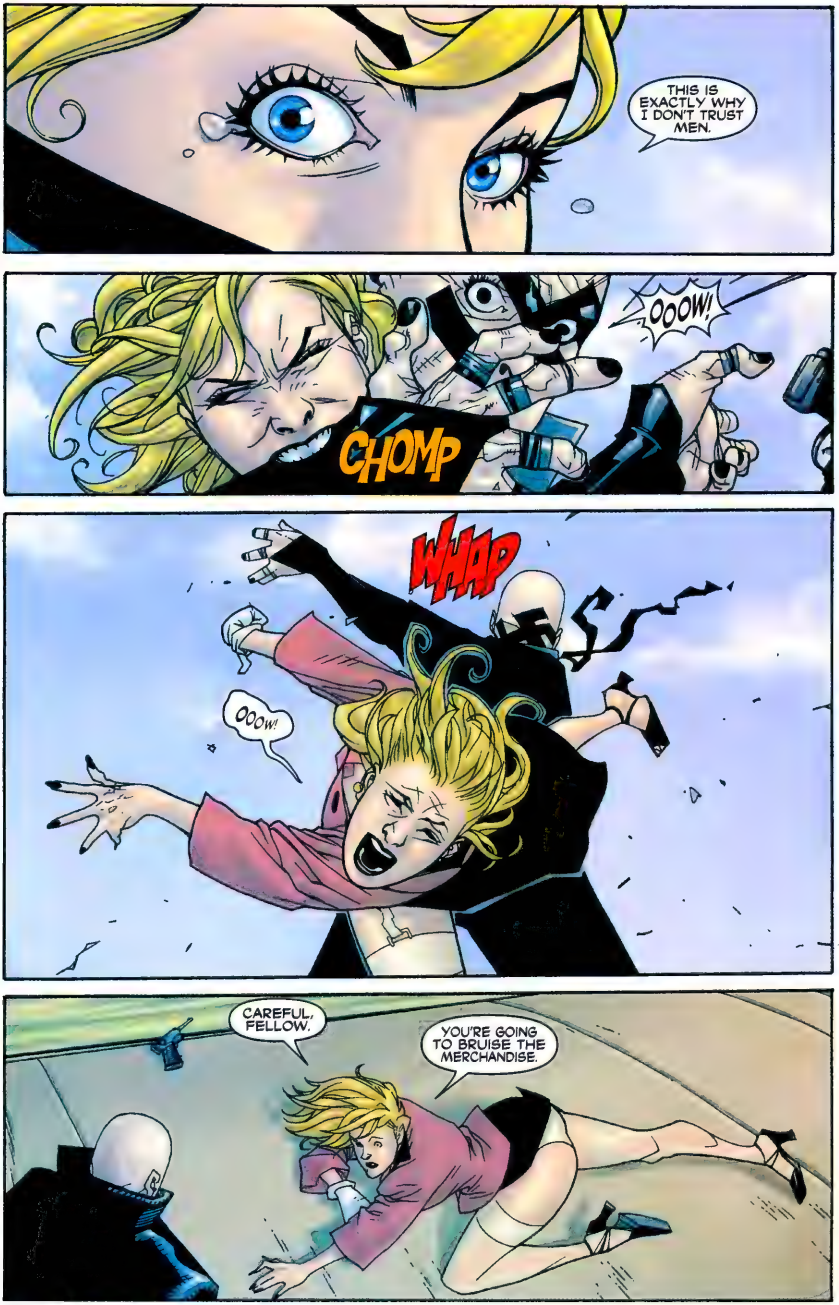
BANZ--
BARABOOM

‹I REALLY DON'T WANT TO DIE TODAY!›
‹FATHER...
...MOTHER?›
YONK
‹SORRY.›
‹BUT NOT TOO SORRY.›


CHAPTER EIGHT:
EXCUSE ME, SIR. I'M REALLY GOING TO HAVE TO INSIST YOU UNHAND THE LADY.
AND NOW.
ON ACCOUNT OF THE FACT THE BRIDGE UP AHEAD HAS BEEN BLOWN, SO YOU UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAVE TO GET OFF SOONER THAN LATER.
WHAT'S THE PLAN HERE, NIC--
--TO TALK HIM TO DEATH?!

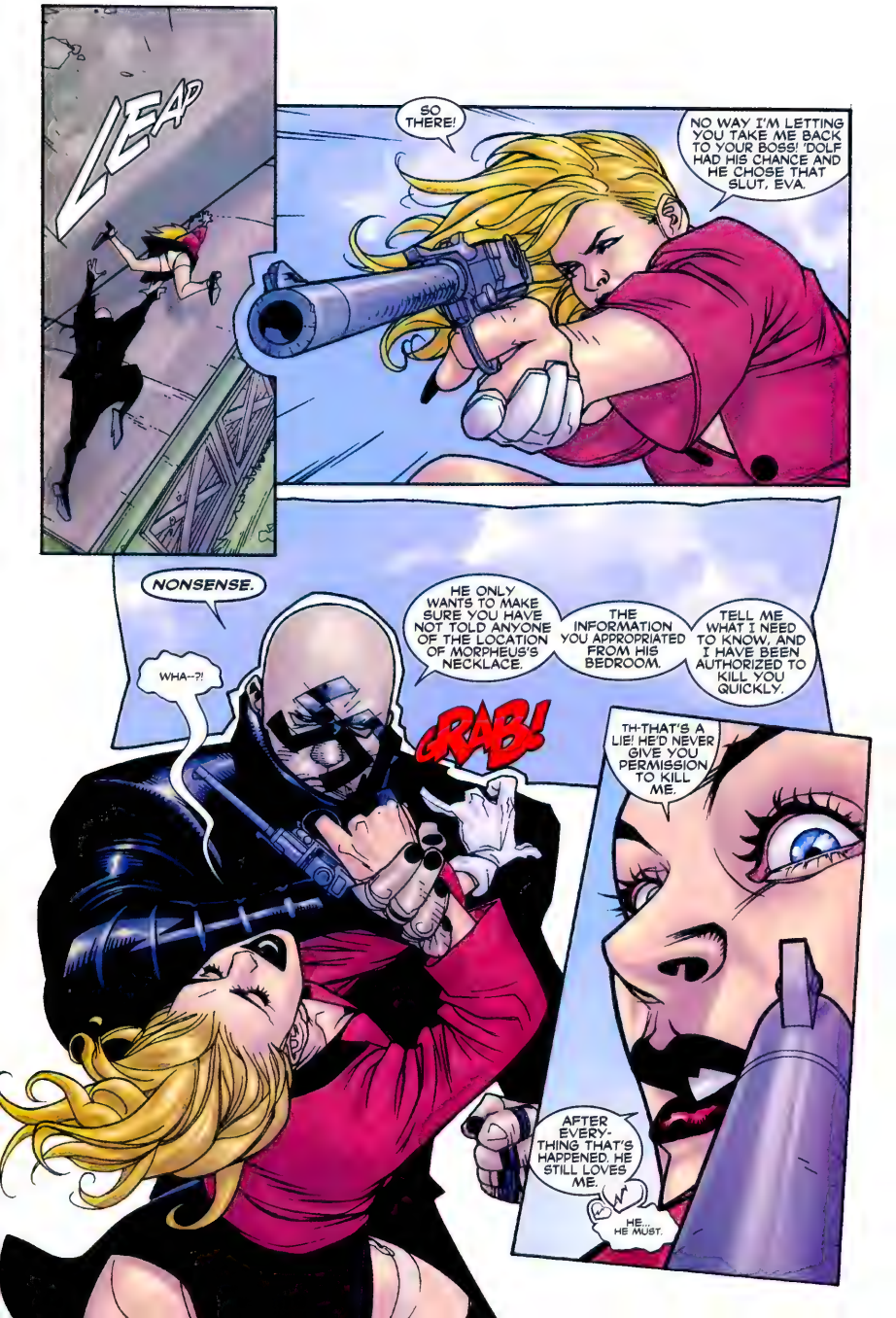

TURN THAT FROWN UPSIDE DOWN, MRS. APPLEBEE.
SIR ARTHUR AND I HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.
PHEW.
RATTATATATATA
<DEATHKNELL HAS THE WOMAN! AIM FOR THE TRAIN!>
<THE SMALL ONE IS INSIDE--AND THE FUEHRER HAS SAID THERE MUST BE NO WITNESSES!>
PROPERTY OF FRE
FRAGILE!
AUDIO
CIRC
NOW, I NOTICED WHEN THE CARGO WAS BEING LOADED--
AH, THERE IT IS.
PROT PROT PROT PROT PROT
NEIGH.
INDEED.
ONE DOES HAVE TO LOVE THE CIRCUS, NO?
NEIGH.
DON'T BE SO NEGATIVE.
NOW, DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE WHERE THE PORTERS PLACED MY TRUNK?

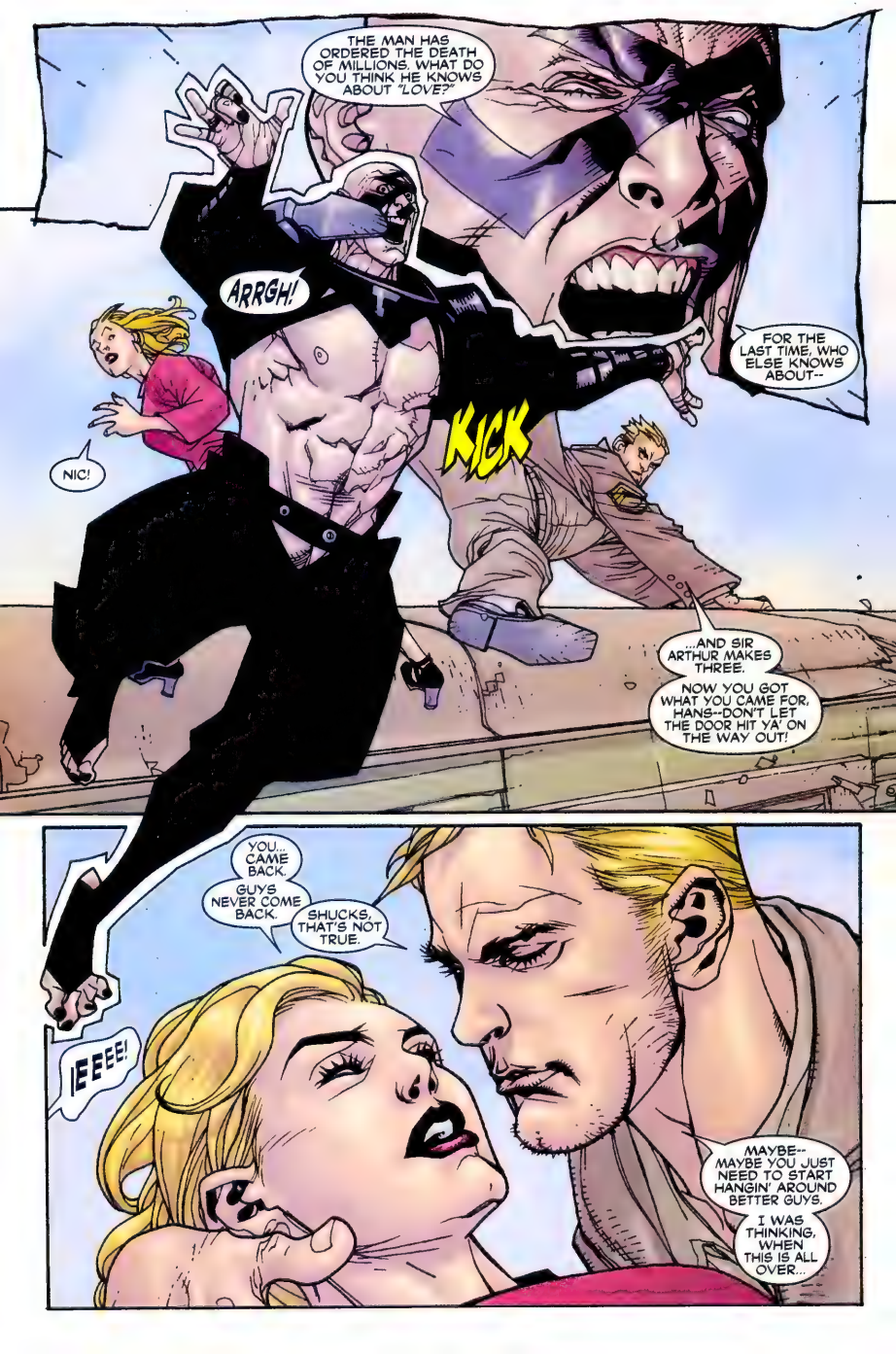

DROP THE GUN OR I'LL SHOOT THE GIRL.
YOU-- YOU SPOKE?!
AIN'T Y'ALL SUPPOSED TO BE THE SILENT KILLER TYPES?
HE'S RIGHT! WHAT KIND OF NINJA ARE YOU?!
DUTCH REFORM.
SERGEANT?
MA'AM, I DON'T MEAN TO BE ALL UNCHIVALROUS OR NOTHING--
--BUT I DO GOT A FAMILY BACK HOME IN WALLOW POINT.
SO, UMM...GOOD LUCK.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
NIC?!

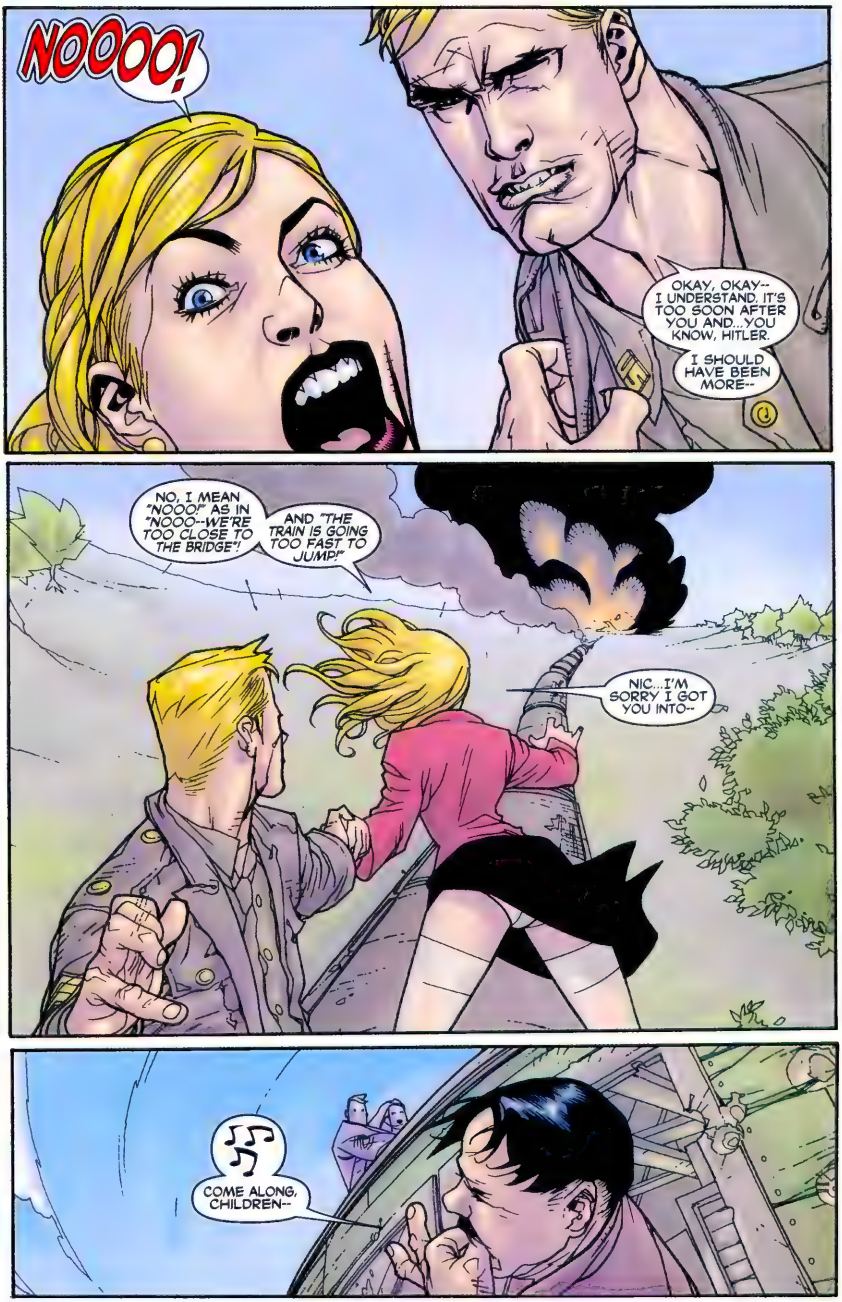

THIS IS EXACTLY WHY I DON'T TRUST MEN.
OOOW!
CHOMP
WHAP
OOOW!
CAREFUL, FELLOW.
YOU'RE GOING TO BRUISE THE MERCHANDISE.

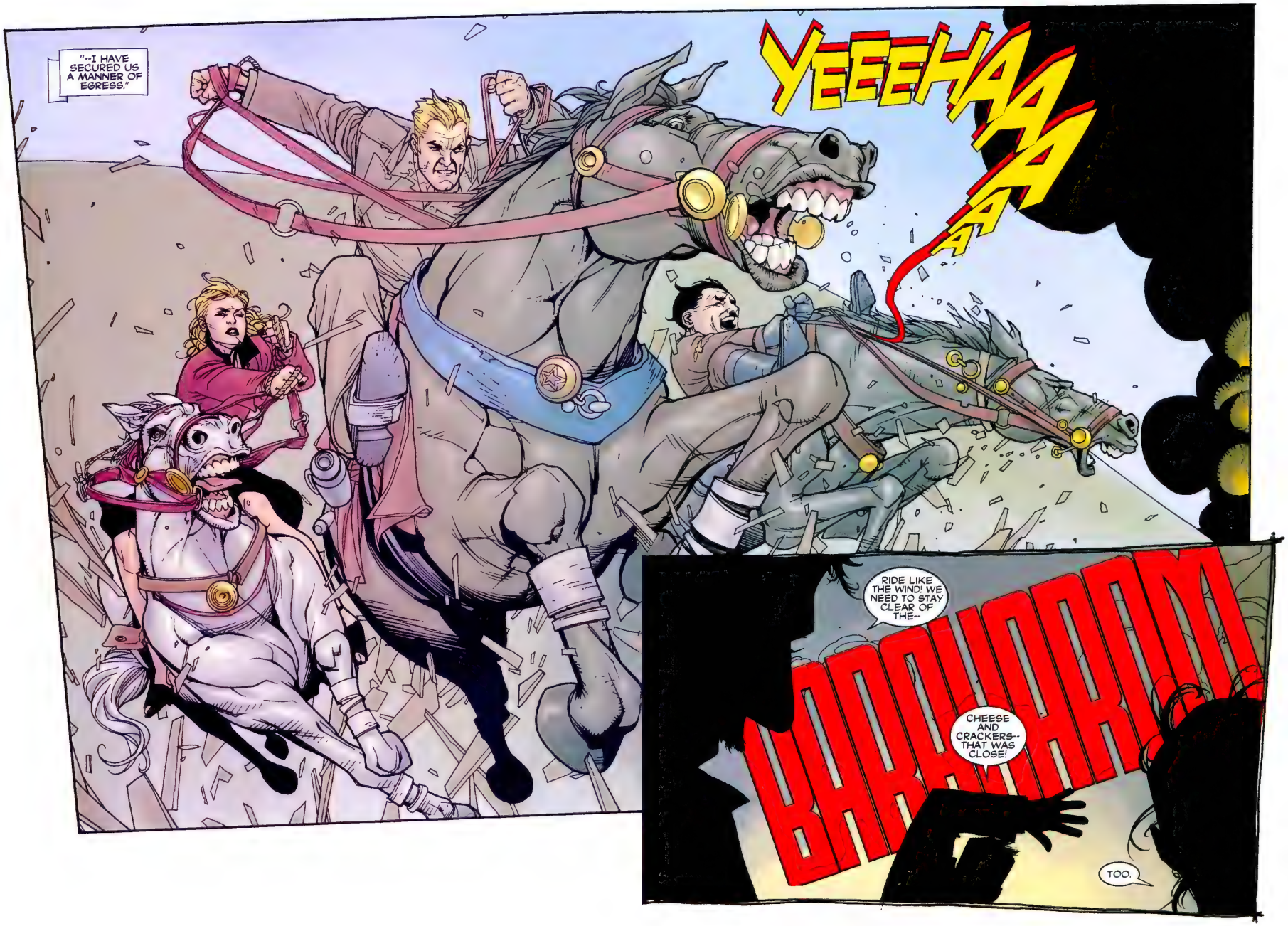
‹I DON'T SEE ANYTHING. MAYBE WE HIT HIM!›*--
‹DRIVER, PULL CLOSER. WE'LL BOARD THE TRAIN AND MAKE CERTAIN EVERYONE IS DEAD!›
JA!
*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.
‹I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. D-DON'T LEAVE WITHOUT ME. RIGHT?›
SCHNELL! SCHNELL!
VAS--?!
HMMM?
GOTT IN HIMMEL--
‹IT'S HIM!›
‹THE MIGHTY FUEHRER HIMSELF!›
IN THE WORDS OF THE VERY TALENTED AND BRILLIANT BRITISH ACTOR SIR ARTHUR BOMBRIDGE III--
--"HOW THE ZIEG HEIL ARE YOU, BOYS?"
‹YOU FOOLS, IT'S A TRICK! IT'S A REFLECTION--IT'S JUST THE SMALL ONE!›
‹WOW. IT'S QUITE CONVINCING.›

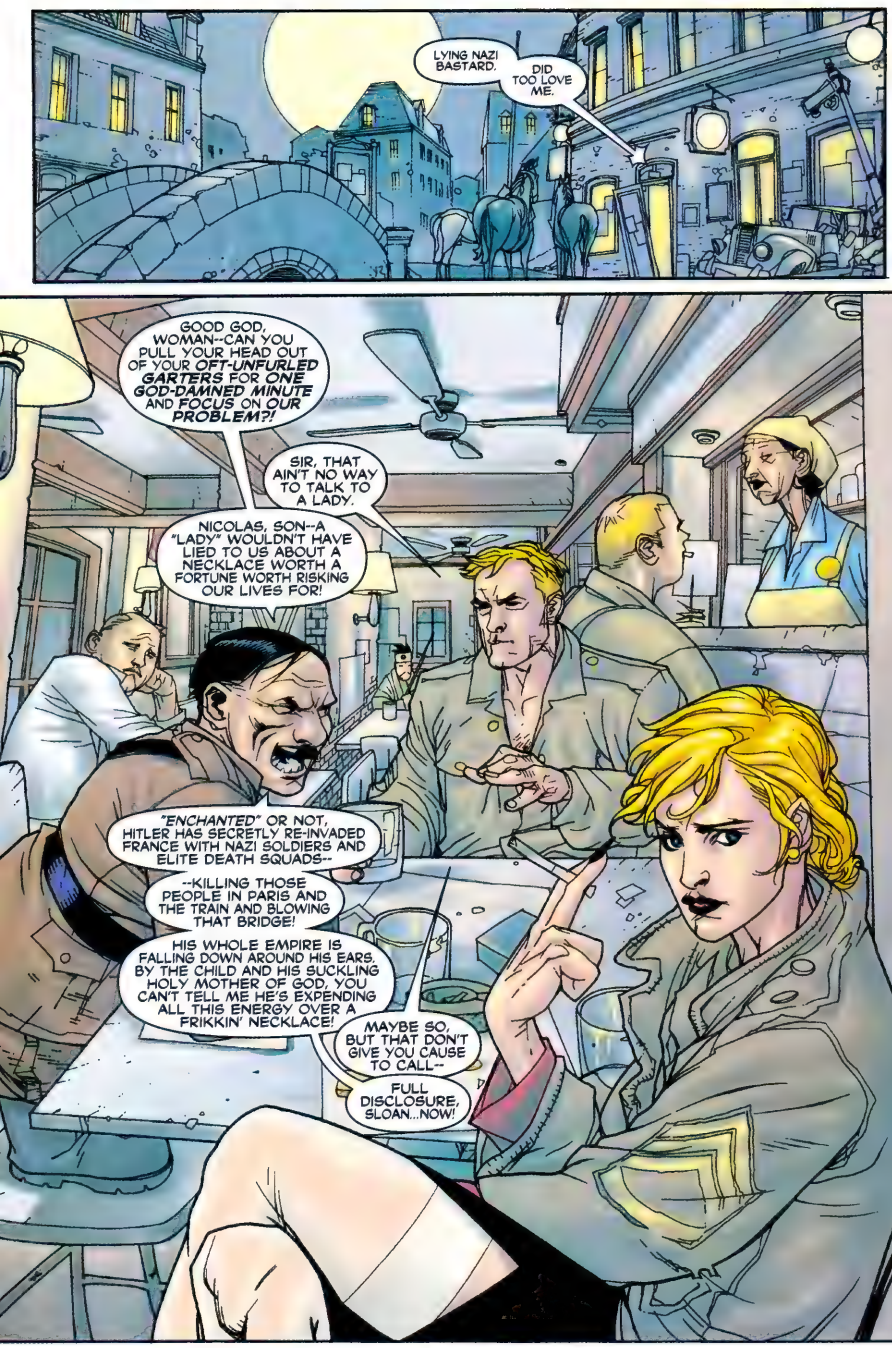
WHAM
QUITE THE MASTER RACE YOU'VE GOT THERE! HA!
I HAVEN'T HAD THIS MUCH FUN SINCE--
--SINCE COWBOY ARTIE.
CHAGGACHAGGACHAGGA


LEAP
SO THERE!
NO WAY I'M LETTING YOU TAKE ME BACK TO YOUR BOSS! 'DOLF HAD HIS CHANCE AND HE CHOSE THAT SLUT, EVA.
NONSENSE.
WHA--?!
HE ONLY WANTS TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE NOT TOLD ANYONE OF THE LOCATION OF MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE.
THE INFORMATION YOU APPROPRIATED FROM HIS BEDROOM.
TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW, AND I HAVE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO KILL YOU QUICKLY.
GRAB!
TH-THAT'S A LIE! HE'D NEVER GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO KILL ME.
AFTER EVERY-THING THAT'S HAPPENED, HE STILL LOVES ME.
HE... HE MUST.


THE MAN HAS ORDERED THE DEATH OF MILLIONS. WHAT DO YOU THINK HE KNOWS ABOUT "LOVE?"
ARRGH!
FOR THE LAST TIME, WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT--
KICK
NIC!
...AND SIR ARTHUR MAKES THREE.
NOW YOU GOT WHAT YOU CAME FOR, HANS--DON'T LET THE DOOR HIT YA' ON THE WAY OUT!
YOU... CAME BACK.
GUYS NEVER COME BACK.
SHUCKS, THAT'S NOT TRUE.
IEEEE!
MAYBE-- MAYBE YOU JUST NEED TO START HANGIN' AROUND BETTER GUYS.
I WAS THINKING, WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER...


NOOOO!
OKAY, OKAY-- I UNDERSTAND, IT'S TOO SOON AFTER YOU AND...YOU KNOW, HITLER.
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE--
NO, I MEAN "NOOO!" AS IN "NOOO--WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE BRIDGE"!
AND "THE TRAIN IS GOING TOO FAST TO JUMP!"
NIC...I'M SORRY I GOT YOU INTO--
COME ALONG, CHILDREN--


"--I HAVE SECURED US A MANNER OF EGRESS."
YEEEHAAAAA
RIDE LIKE THE WIND! WE NEED TO STAY CLEAR OF THE--
KRAKKRAM
CHEESE AND CRACKERS-- THAT WAS CLOSE!
TOO.


LYING NAZI BASTARD.
DID TOO LOVE ME.
GOOD GOD, WOMAN--CAN YOU PULL YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR OFT-UNFURLED GARTERS FOR ONE GOD-DAMNED MINUTE AND FOCUS ON OUR PROBLEM?!
SIR, THAT AIN'T NO WAY TO TALK TO A LADY.
NICOLAS, SON--A "LADY" WOULDN'T HAVE LIED TO US ABOUT A NECKLACE WORTH A FORTUNE WORTH RISKING OUR LIVES FOR!
"ENCHANTED" OR NOT, HITLER HAS SECRETLY RE-INVADED FRANCE WITH NAZI SOLDIERS AND ELITE DEATH SQUADS--
--KILLING THOSE PEOPLE IN PARIS AND THE TRAIN AND BLOWING THAT BRIDGE!
HIS WHOLE EMPIRE IS FALLING DOWN AROUND HIS EARS. BY THE CHILD AND HIS SUCKLING HOLY MOTHER OF GOD, YOU CAN'T TELL ME HE'S EXPENDING ALL THIS ENERGY OVER A FRIKKIN' NECKLACE!
MAYBE SO, BUT THAT DON'T GIVE YOU CAUSE TO CALL--
FULL DISCLOSURE, SLOAN...NOW!

THERE.
THAT'S THE PAPER I TOOK.
TELL ME THOSE AREN'T DIRECTIONS TO HERE--JUST ACROSS THE BORDER.
MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE.
UNDISPUTED POWER.
LONGITUDE... LATITUDE...
NIC, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THESE NUMBERS?
HATE TO POOP THIS PARTY--EXCUSE MY FRENCH...
BUT THE GERMANS USE DIFFERENT NAVIGATIONAL SYSTEMS THAN US.
BUT THIS MUST BE WRONG. 'CORDIN' TO THIS, IT'S HIDDEN SOMEWHERE AT THE NORTH POLE.
IT MAKES SENSE. 'DOLF WAS FASCINATED BY THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.
BUT HOW WOULD WE GET THERE?!
SIGH.
PARDON, I COULD NOT HELP OVERHEARING... YOU NEED TO FIND A PILOT, YES?
OUI.
THEN I KNOW JUST ZE MAN.
A BETTER PILOT ZERE IS NOT IN ALL ZE WORLD...

DID WE PASS THE HALFWAY POINT ALREADY?! GOSH, HOW TIME... FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN!

"NIC'S DARK SECRET!"

THE ARYAN ISLAND! THE DEADLY MADAM NOIR! CAPTAIN KI'S IN FLIGHT!
& THE REAL SECRET BEHIND MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE! BE HERE IN 30 FOR BOOK FIVE!

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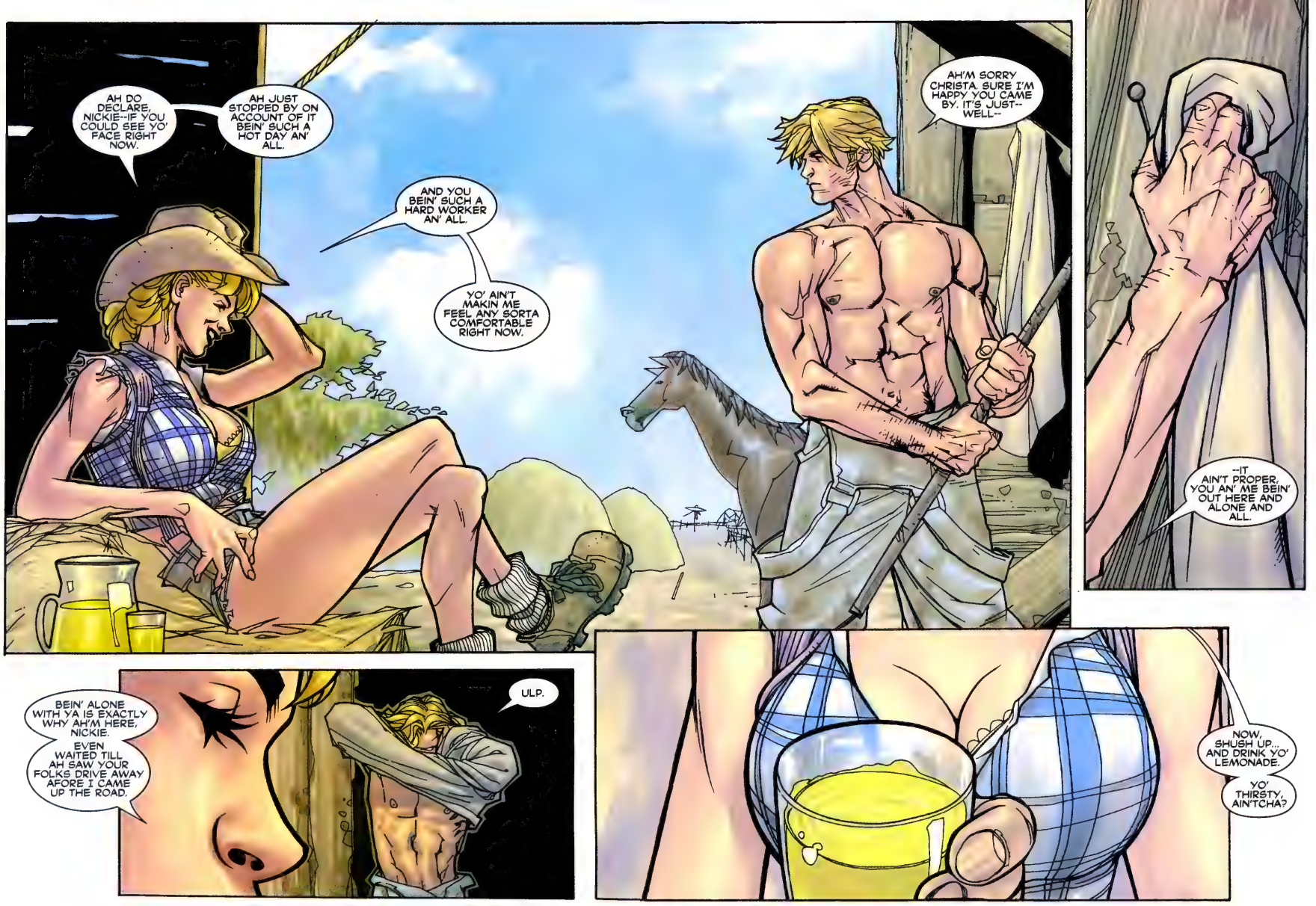
AH DO DECLARE, NICKIE--IF YOU COULD SEE YO' FACE RIGHT NOW.
AH JUST STOPPED BY ON ACCOUNT OF IT BEIN' SUCH A HOT DAY AN' ALL.
AND YOU BEIN' SUCH A HARD WORKER AN' ALL.
YO' AIN'T MAKIN ME FEEL ANY SORTA COMFORTABLE RIGHT NOW.
AH'M SORRY CHRISTA. SURE I'M HAPPY YOU CAME BY. IT'S JUST-- WELL--
--IT AIN'T PROPER, YOU AN' ME BEIN' OUT HERE AND ALONE AND ALL.
BEIN' ALONE WITH YA IS EXACTLY WHY AH'M HERE, NICKIE.
EVEN WAITED TILL AH SAW YOUR FOLKS DRIVE AWAY AFORE I CAME UP THE ROAD.
ULP.
NOW, SHUSH UP... AND DRINK YO' LEMONADE.
YO' THIRSTY, AIN'TCHA?

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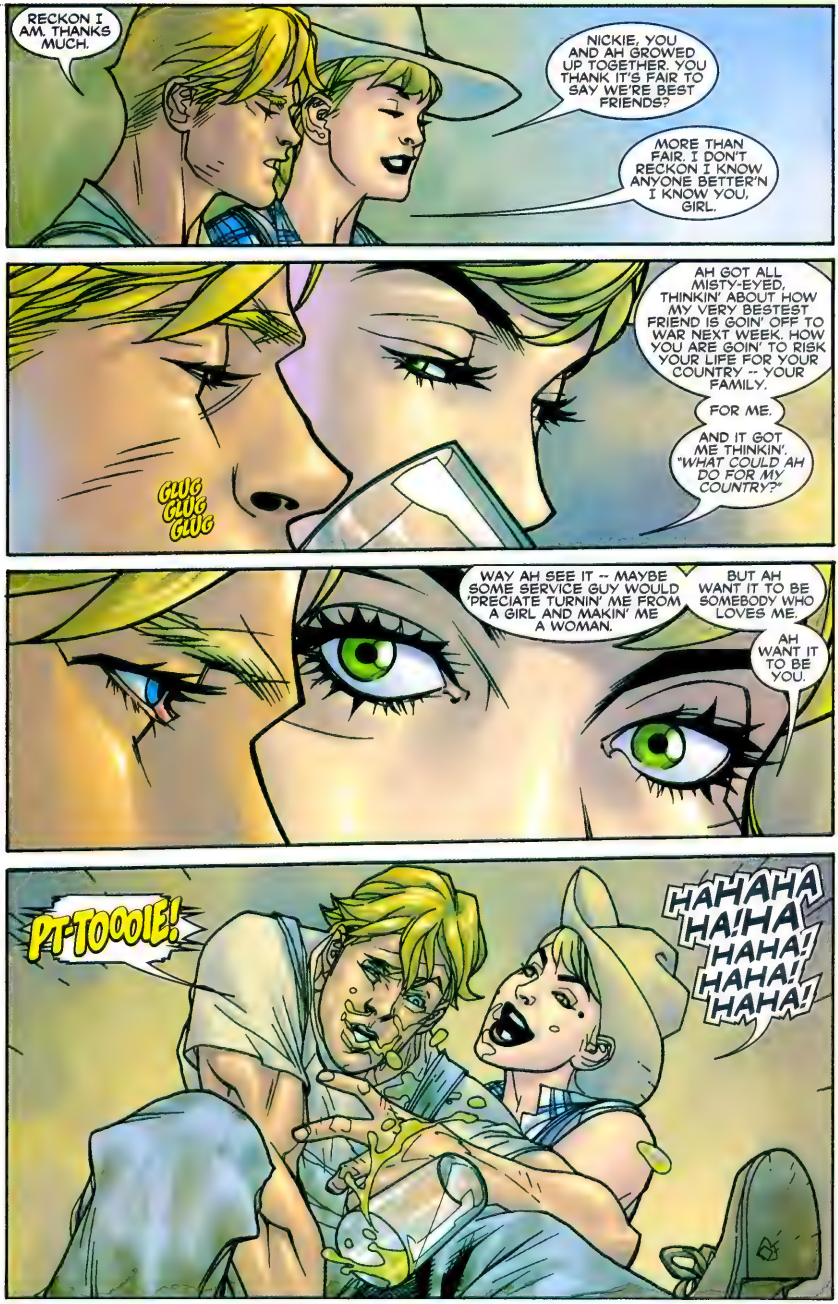
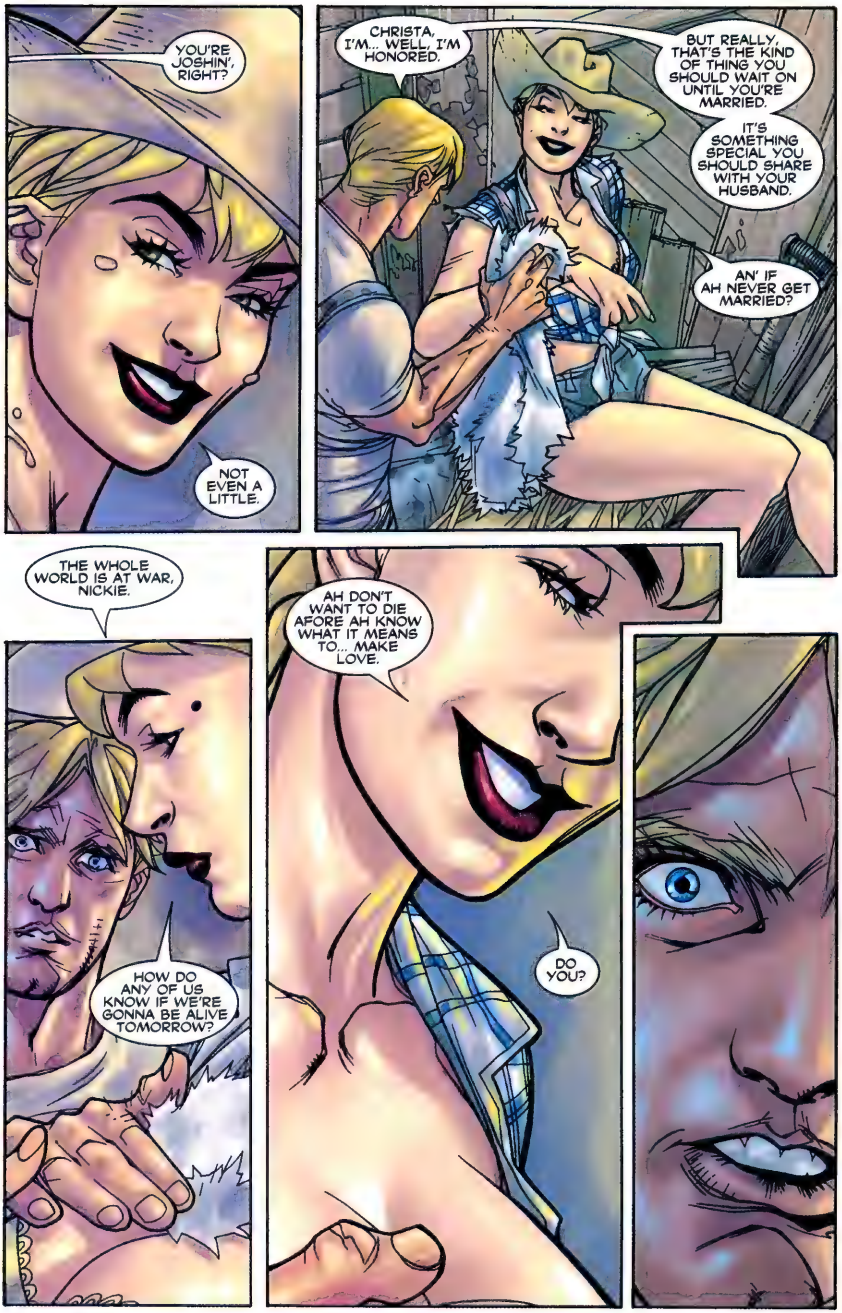
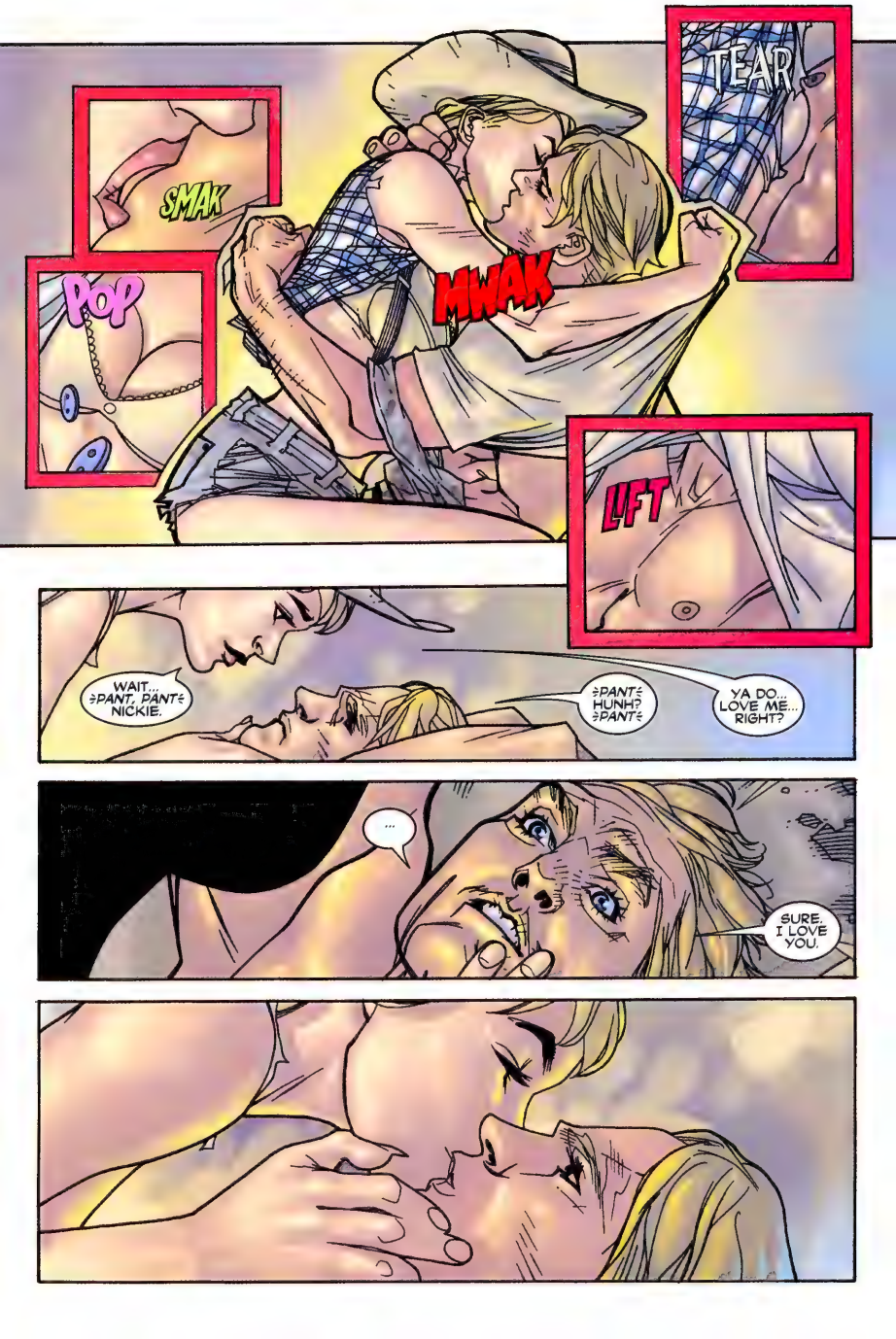
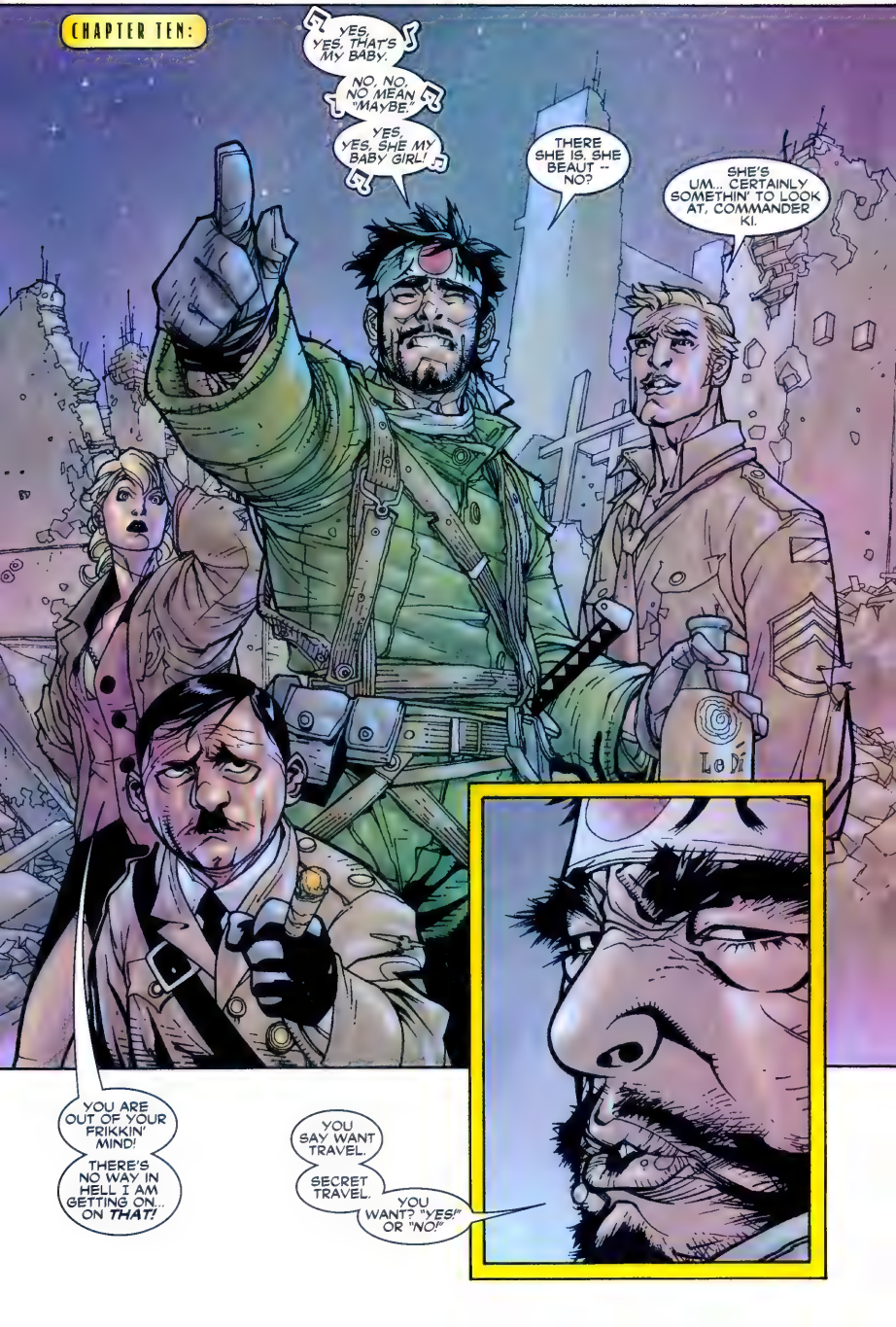
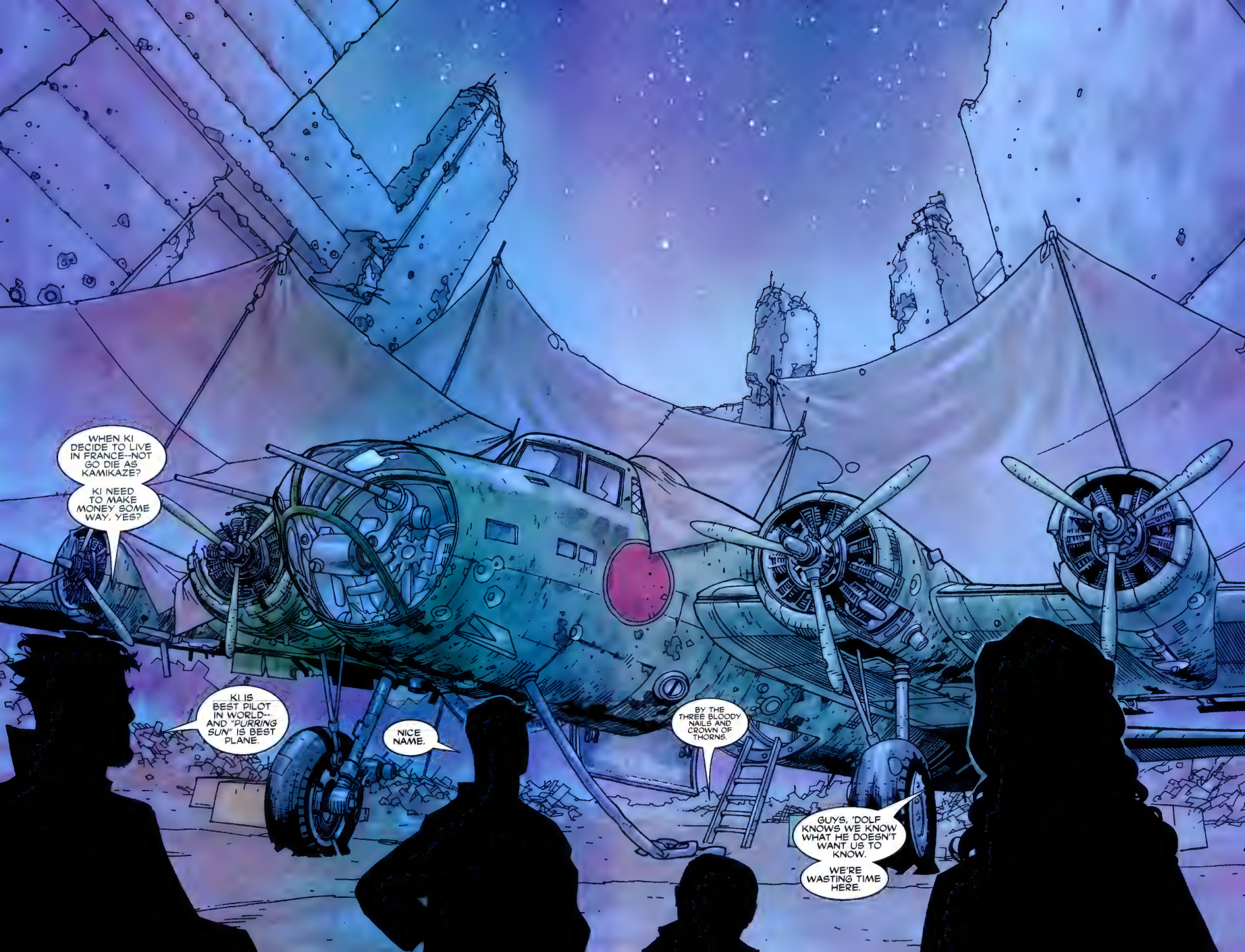
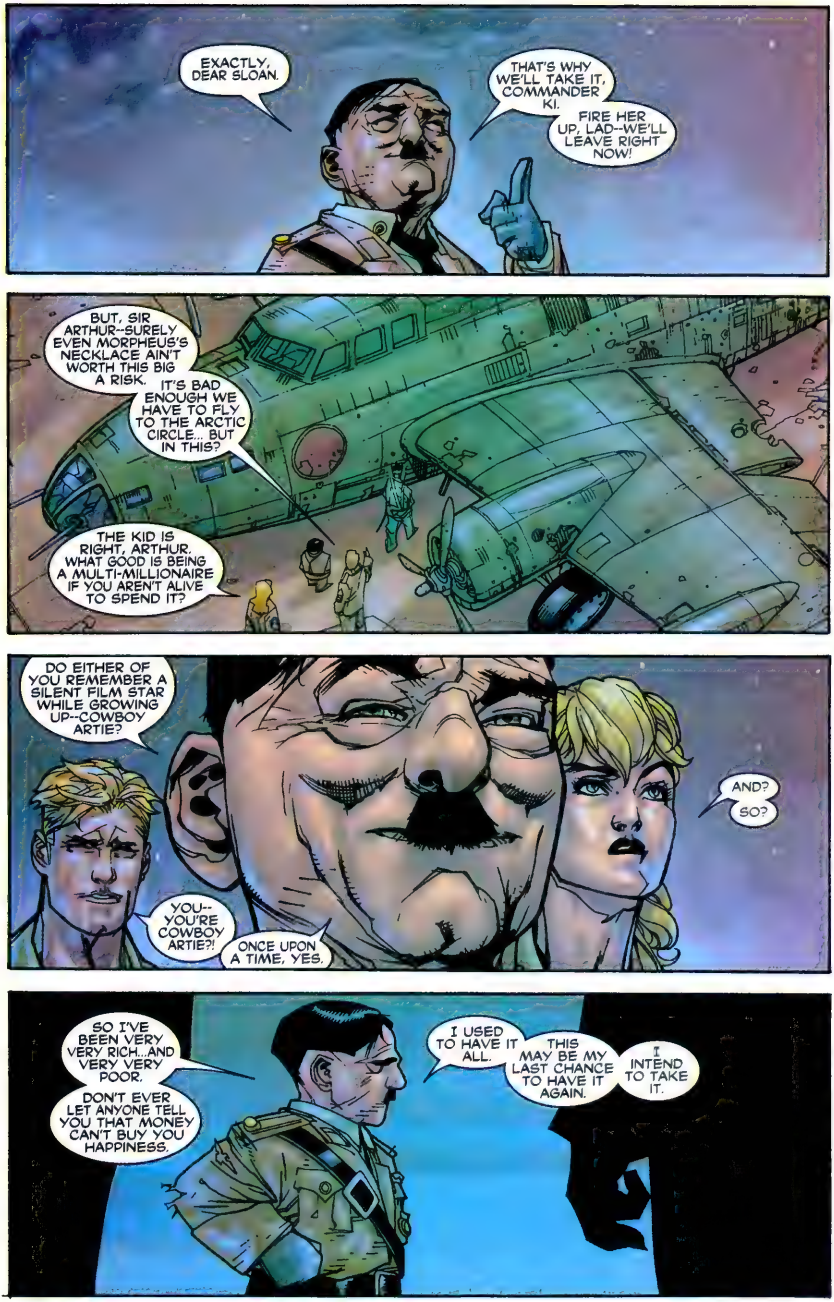

RECKON I AM. THANKS MUCH.
NICKIE, YOU AND AH GROWED UP TOGETHER. YOU THANK IT'S FAIR TO SAY WE'RE BEST FRIENDS?
MORE THAN FAIR. I DON'T RECKON I KNOW ANYONE BETTER'N I KNOW YOU, GIRL.
AH GOT ALL MISTY-EYED, THINKIN' ABOUT HOW MY VERY BESTEST FRIEND IS GOIN' OFF TO WAR NEXT WEEK. HOW YOU ARE GOIN' TO RISK YOUR LIFE FOR YOUR COUNTRY -- YOUR FAMILY.
FOR ME.
AND IT GOT ME THINKIN', "WHAT COULD AH DO FOR MY COUNTRY?"
GLUG GLUG GLUG
WAY AH SEE IT -- MAYBE SOME SERVICE GUY WOULD 'PRECIATE TURNIN' ME FROM A GIRL AND MAKIN' ME A WOMAN.
BUT AH WANT IT TO BE SOMEBODY WHO LOVES ME.
AH WANT IT TO BE YOU.
PTOOOIE!
HAHAHA HA!HA HAHA! HAHA! HAHA!


YOU'RE JOSHIN', RIGHT?
NOT EVEN A LITTLE.
CHRISTA, I'M... WELL, I'M HONORED.
BUT REALLY, THAT'S THE KIND OF THING YOU SHOULD WAIT ON UNTIL YOU'RE MARRIED.
IT'S SOMETHING SPECIAL YOU SHOULD SHARE WITH YOUR HUSBAND.
AN' IF AH NEVER GET MARRIED?
THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT WAR, NICKIE.
HOW DO ANY OF US KNOW IF WE'RE GONNA BE ALIVE TOMORROW?
AH DON'T WANT TO DIE AFORE AH KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO... MAKE LOVE.
DO YOU?


SMAK
POP
MWAK
TEAR
LIFT
WAIT... PANT, PANT NICKIE.
PANT HUNH? PANT
YA DO... LOVE ME... RIGHT?
...
SURE. I LOVE YOU.

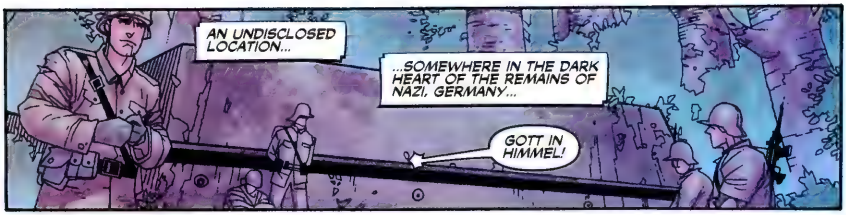

CHAPTER TEN:
YES, YES, THAT'S MY BABY.
NO, NO, NO MEAN "MAYBE."
YES, YES, SHE MY BABY GIRL!
THERE SHE IS, SHE BEAUT -- NO?
SHE'S UM... CERTAINLY SOMETHIN' TO LOOK AT, COMMANDER KI.
YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR FRIKKIN' MIND!
THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL I AM GETTING ON... ON THAT!
YOU SAY WANT TRAVEL.
SECRET TRAVEL.
YOU WANT? "YES!" OR "NO!"


WHEN KI DECIDE TO LIVE IN FRANCE--NOT GO DIE AS KAMIKAZE?
KI NEED TO MAKE MONEY SOME WAY, YES?
KI IS BEST PILOT IN WORLD--AND "PURRING SUN" IS BEST PLANE.
NICE NAME.
BY THE THREE BLOODY NAILS AND CROWN OF THORNS.
GUYS, 'DOLF KNOWS WE KNOW WHAT HE DOESN'T WANT US TO KNOW.
WE'RE WASTING TIME HERE.


EXACTLY, DEAR SLOAN.
THAT'S WHY WE'LL TAKE IT, COMMANDER KI.
FIRE HER UP, LAD--WE'LL LEAVE RIGHT NOW!
BUT, SIR ARTHUR--SURELY EVEN MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE AIN'T WORTH THIS BIG A RISK.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH WE HAVE TO FLY TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.. BUT IN THIS?
THE KID IS RIGHT, ARTHUR. WHAT GOOD IS BEING A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE IF YOU AREN'T ALIVE TO SPEND IT?
DO EITHER OF YOU REMEMBER A SILENT FILM STAR WHILE GROWING UP--COWBOY ARTIE?
AND? SO?
YOU-- YOU'RE COWBOY ARTIE?!
ONCE UPON A TIME, YES.
SO I'VE BEEN VERY VERY RICH..AND VERY VERY POOR.
DON'T EVER LET ANYONE TELL YOU THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU HAPPINESS.
I USED TO HAVE IT ALL.
THIS MAY BE MY LAST CHANCE TO HAVE IT AGAIN.
I INTEND TO TAKE IT.

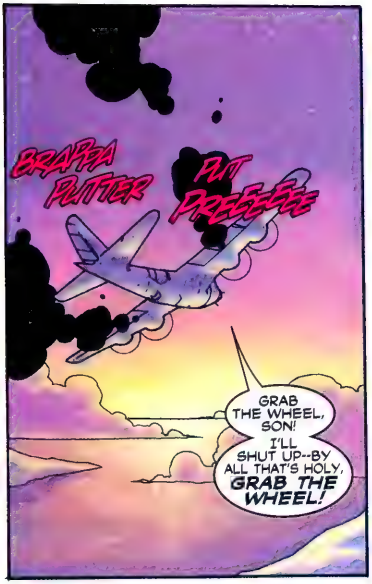
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, SLOAN?
YOU WERE HITLER'S AMERICAN MISTRESS. WHAT KIND OF LIFE DO YOU THINK AWAITS YOU BACK IN THE STATES?
YOU--A WHORE WHO ISN'T EVEN GOING TO MAKE IT INTO THE HISTORY BOOKS.
Zippo
SIR ARTHUR, I MUST--
MUST WHAT, FARM BOY?
MUST GO BACK HOME AND WORK THE FIELDS BESIDES YOUR GRAY-HAIRED MOTHER--
--ALL THE WHILE KNOWING YOU COULD HAVE MADE HER LIFE EASIER BUT FOR HAVING THE GUTS TO TAKE SOMETHING FROM A MONSTER WHO HAS NEVER GIVEN ANYTHING GOOD TO THIS WORLD.
AND WHAT SAYS OUR ERSTWHILE PILOT WHO--
SWWWWWWISK
HURUMPH.
TALK MORE, COST MORE.
YOU COME OR NO? DECIDE.

CHAPTER ELEVEN:

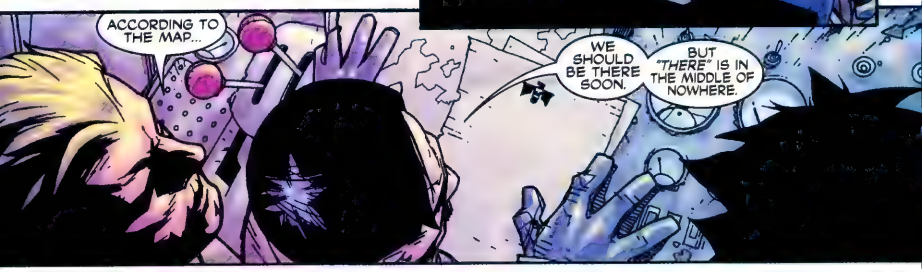


CHAPTER TWELVE:
PUT
SPUTTER
PUT PAT
SON, I DON'T MEAN TO QUESTION YOUR TECHNIQUE...
THEN DO NOT.
YOU OKAY, MRS. APPLEBEE?
SLOAN, NIC, PLEASE.
I WAS JUST... THINKING.
YOU HAVEN'T CHECKED YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN HOURS.
YOU SAY "TOP OF WORLD."
TOP IS UP.
IT JUST ALL SEEMS SO STUPID. IF ADOLF HADN'T LEFT ME-- I WOULDN'T HAVE STOLEN THE PLANS TO HIS PRECIOUS NECKLACE.
NONE OF US WOULD BE IN THIS MESS. ALL THOSE PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE DEAD.
I DON'T CLAIM TO KNOW HOW A MONSTER THINKS, MA'AM.
BUT I KNOW IN MY HEART--
--THIS IS ABOUT MORE'N SOME NECKLACE.

THE WORLD NEEDS MORE GOOD MEN LIKE YOU, NICOLAS.
...
THANK YOU, MA'AM.
BUT EVEN I'VE DONE THINGS I AIN'T PROUD OF.
I RECKON EVERYONE HAS.
I RECKON SO TOO.
MIND IF I TAKE THIS SEAT?
SIGH.
HOW DO WE EVEN KNOW WE ARE ON COURSE?
TO SAY NOTHING OF OUR PETROL SUPPLY FOR--
G-GOOD GOD, S-SON!
WH-WH-WHATAREYOU D-D-D-DOING?!
CANNOT LISTEN AND FLY AT SAME TIME.
YOU TALK, OK! LISTEN.


BRAPPA PUTTER
PUT PRRRRRRR
GRAB THE WHEEL, SON!
I'LL SHUT UP--BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, GRAB THE WHEEL!

LET'S LEAVE THE FLYING TO THE FLY BOYS--EH, SIR ARTHUR?
QUIET IS MUCH BETTER, NO?
ARE YOU OKAY?
ME?
YES, YES.
NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD.
SHIP SHAPE!


ACCORDING TO THE MAP...
WE SHOULD BE THERE SOON.
BUT "THERE" IS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

MAYBE NOT SO MUCH NOWHERE.
DOWN THERE?

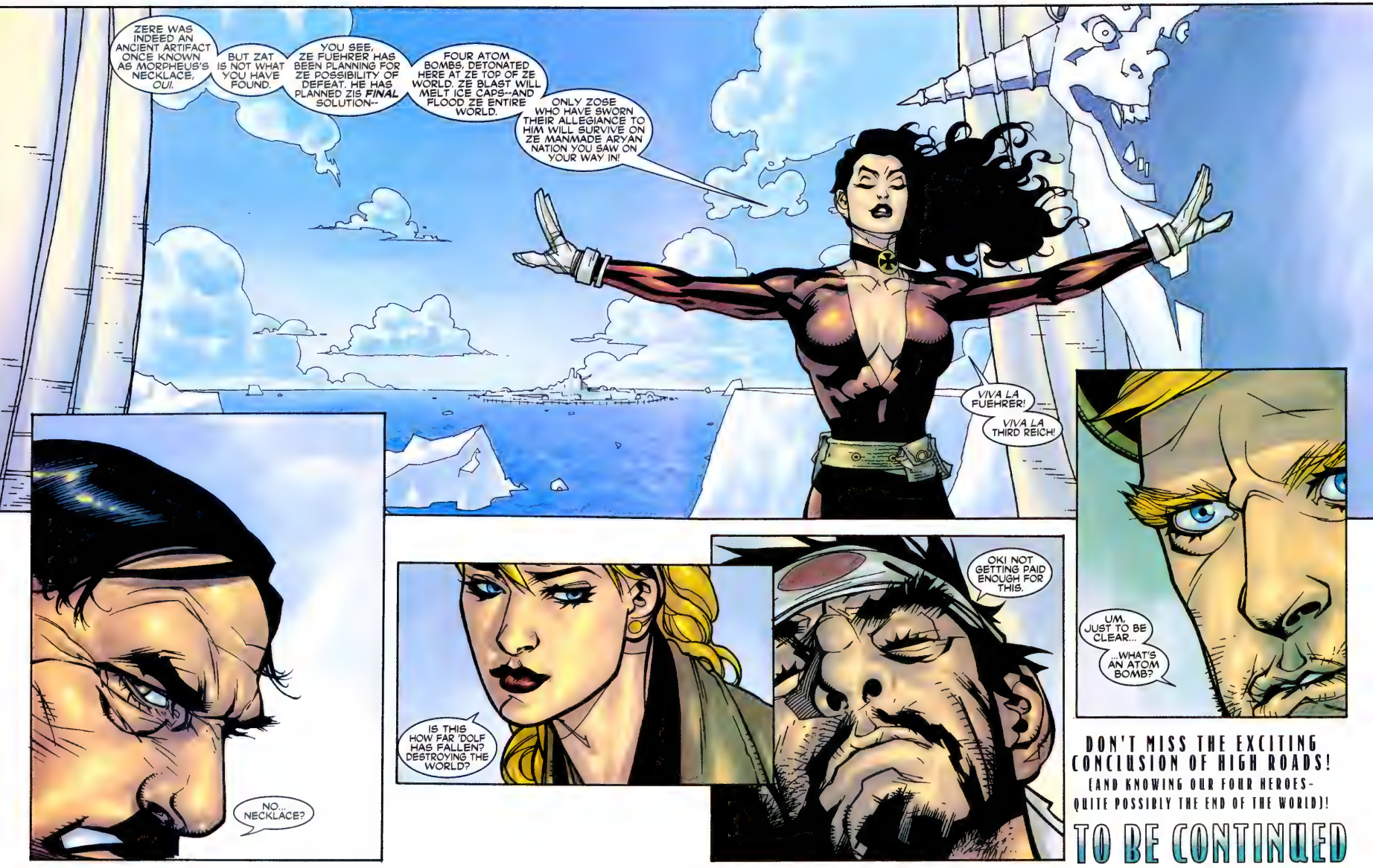
CHEESE AND CRACKERS.

THAT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE.
SOMETHIN' THAT EVIL--
AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY-WHERE.
I BELIEVE WE MAY BE LOOKING AT THE END OF CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT.
WHAT NOW?
WE LAND.
NO WAY!
I WAS THINKING WE SHOULD GO.
REALLY, COMMANDER-- PLEASE.
NOT MY IDEA.
THEIR IDEA.
AN ARMED ESCORT. HE'S RIGHT, CHILDREN-- WE'VE NO OTHER CHOICE.

BUT WE'RE OVERSHOOTIN' THAT MAN-MADE ISLAND.
SO, WHERE TO?
I'M JUST GUESSING BUT--
--I'M THINKING IT'S THE CASTLE CARVED OUT OF ICE JUST UP AHEAD.
PUTT
PUTT
PUTT
PUTT

SOON...
SCHNELL! SCHNELL!
I'M SCHNELLING ALREADY!
FEH-- SHOULD KILL THEM ALL.
AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT, SIR?
INTRIGUING.
TOO COLD FOR GUNS OUT HERE.
WARM THEIR BLOOD WITH MY BLADE.
I ALWAYS KNEW 'DOLF HAD A THING FOR THE NORTH POLE-- BUT THIS?
THERE ARE ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES HERE TO START ANOTHER WORLD--
UHLPHN!
QUIET!
WHACK
T.N.T.
TNT

IT'S A LOT WARMER IN HERE THAN YOU WOULD THINK AN ICE CASTLE WOULD BE.
?!
THAT'S IT? THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING?
NOT "WHY DID THEY LEAVE US ALONE IN HERE?"
:SIGH:
NEVER MIND THAT. LET'S FIND MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE AND GET OUT OF HERE AS QUICKLY AS WE CAN!
HA!HA HAHA! HAHA! HAHA!
YOU PEOPLE ARE PRICELESS!
HUH?
AND YOU WOULD BE...?
I AM MADAME BLANCHE NOIR, FORMERLY OF ZE FRENCH RESISTANCE.
AS A PRISONER OF WAR, I REALIZED OUR SIDE WAS NOT GOING TO WIN.
FOR ZE SAME REASON I AM CERTAIN YOU FOUR ARE ZE BIGGEST LOSERS IN ZE WORLD.
HAHA!
YOU REALLY CAME ALL ZIS WAY JUST TO STEAL MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE?
OH? AND HOW COULD YOU BE SO CERTAIN-- YOUNG LADY?


ZERE WAS INDEED AN ANCIENT ARTIFACT ONCE KNOWN AS MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE, OUI.
BUT ZAT IS NOT WHAT YOU HAVE FOUND.
YOU SEE, ZE FUEHRER HAS BEEN PLANNING FOR ZE POSSIBILITY OF DEFEAT. HE HAS PLANNED ZIS FINAL SOLUTION--
FOUR ATOM BOMBS, DETONATED HERE AT ZE TOP OF ZE WORLD. ZE BLAST WILL MELT ICE CAPS--AND FLOOD ZE ENTIRE WORLD.
ONLY ZOSE WHO HAVE SWORN THEIR ALLEGIANCE TO HIM WILL SURVIVE ON ZE MANMADE ARYAN NATION YOU SAW ON YOUR WAY IN!
VIVA LA FUEHRER!
VIVA LA THIRD REICH!
NO... NECKLACE?
IS THIS HOW FAR 'DOLF HAS FALLEN? DESTROYING THE WORLD?
OKI NOT GETTING PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS.
UM, JUST TO BE CLEAR... ...WHAT'S AN ATOM BOMB?

DON'T MISS THE EXCITING CONCLUSION OF HIGH ROADS!

(AND KNOWING OUR FOUR HEROES- QUITE POSSIBLY THE END OF THE WORLD)!

TO BE CONTINUED

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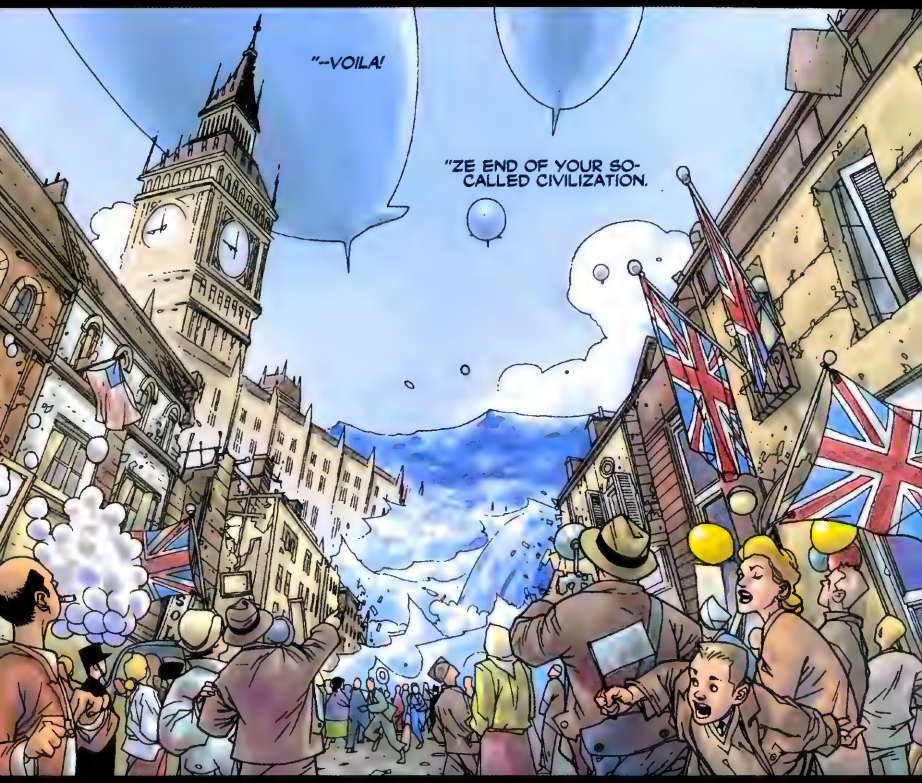
"IT IS ZE PORTRAIT OF SIMPLICITY.
"WE MELT ZE POLAR ICECAPS WIZ A RING OF ATOMIC FLAME AND--
"--VOILA!
"ZE END OF YOUR SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION.

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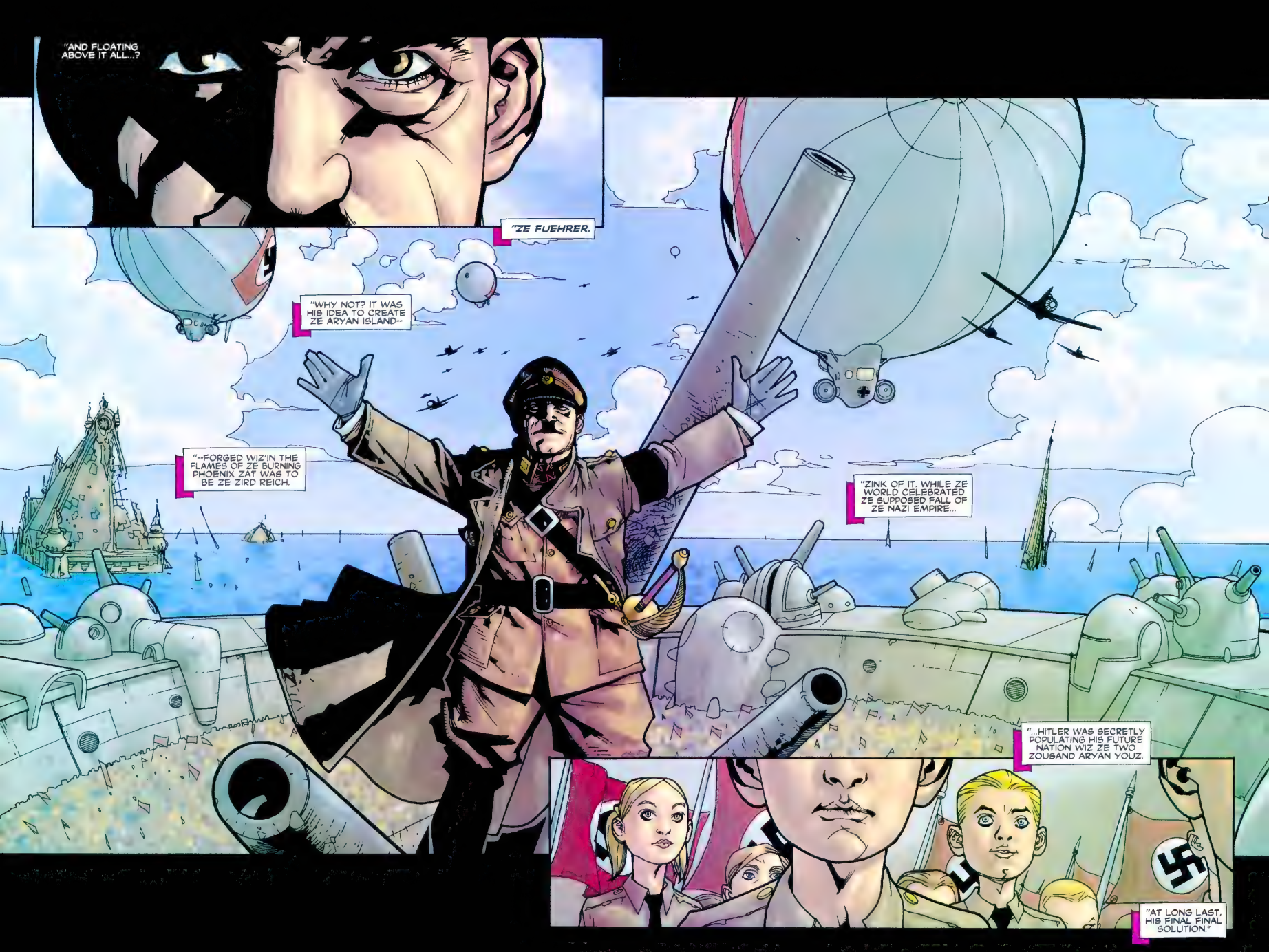
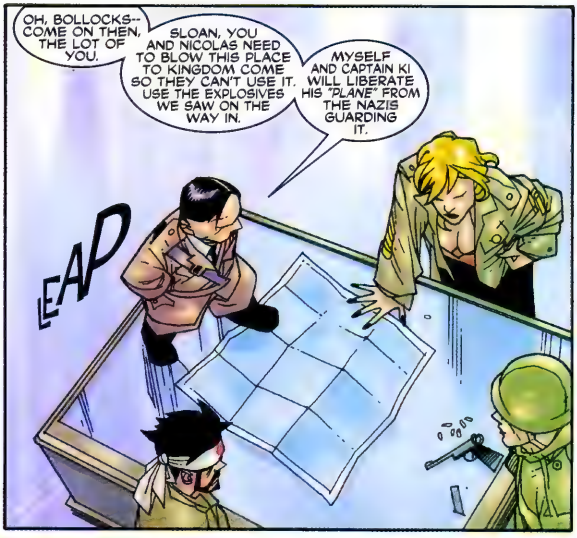

"AND FLOATING ABOVE IT ALL...?
"ZE FUEHRER.
"WHY NOT? IT WAS HIS IDEA TO CREATE ZE ARYAN ISLAND--
"--FORGED WIZ'IN THE FLAMES OF ZE BURNING PHOENIX ZAT WAS TO BE ZE ZIRD REICH.
"ZINK OF IT. WHILE ZE WORLD CELEBRATED ZE SUPPOSED FALL OF ZE NAZI EMPIRE...
"...HITLER WAS SECRETLY POPULATING HIS FUTURE NATION WIZ ZE TWO ZOUSAND ARYAN YOUZ.
"AT LONG LAST, HIS FINAL FINAL SOLUTION."

ZHERE IS SYMPATHY IN MY HEART FOR YOU PEOPLE.
AN AMERICAN HAYSEED, HITLER'S FIRST MISTRESS, A FAILED KAMIKAZE PILOT, AND A WASHED-UP BRITISH ZHESPIAN.
CAME ALL ZE WAY TO ZE TOP OF ZE WORLD TO STEAL ZE LEGENDARY MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE--
--ONLY TO BEAR WITNESS AS ZE FUEHRER EXTINGUISHES ZE LIVES OF A HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE.
WHY WOULD A FELLA WANNA GO AND DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
IT'S JUST, MEAN.
HE'S HITLER, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.
KI NOT "FAILED" ANYTHING. KI CHOSE NOT TO SMASH PLANE.
THIS WHOLE FAIRY TALE IS PATENTLY ABSURD, WOMAN! WE'RE YEARS AWAY FROM DEVELOPING ATOMIC BOMBS.

DO NOT BELIEVE EVERYZING YOU READ IN ZE PAPERS, LITTLE MAN.
HITLER HAS ZHREE MORE OF ZESE, RINGED AROUND ZE ARCTIC CIRCLE. ZHIS IS ZE "NECKLACE" YOU RISKED EVERYZING FOR.
BUT IT IS MORE PRECIOUS ZAN ZE TREASURE YOU SOUGHT--
--FOR ZHIS IS HOW WE WILL AT LAST GIVE BIRTH TO ZE MASTER RACE.
IF ONLY I HADN'T HIDDEN THE LOCATION FOR SO LONG...
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF FOR THIS, MA'AM.
"MASTER RACE" MY PETITE WHITE ASS.
YOU CAN'T EVEN PRONOUNCE "TH."
AH, ZE ENGLISH.. ALL BLUSTER AND BRAVADO.
I WAS GOING TO LET YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO--

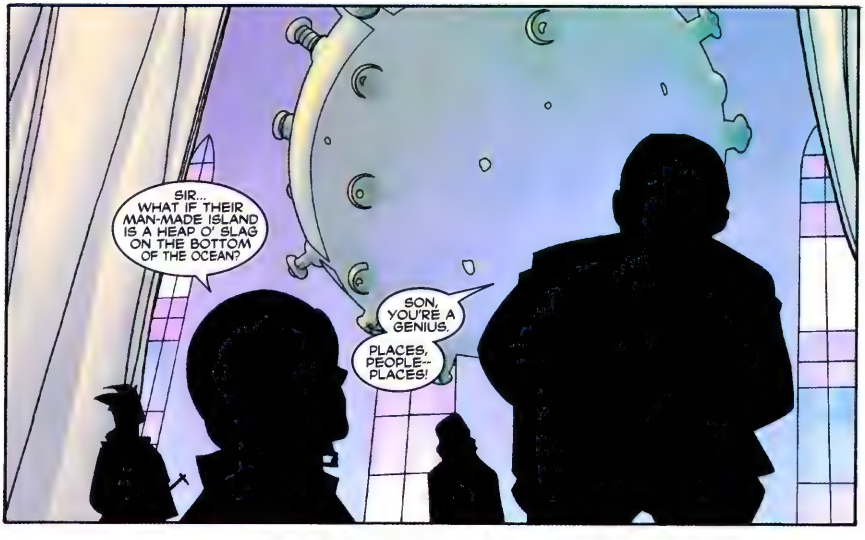
...
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
?!
?!
?!
?!
LADY TALK TOO MUCH.
NEIN!!
NINE WHAT?
KRAK
WHAP WHAP
KNOCK KNOCK.
HERE'S WHAT-FOR FROM MY UNCLE SAM, FRITZ.
DONE!
TAKEN BEFORE THEY COULD ALERT THE OTHERS.
I RECKON IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING...WHAT WE NEED TO DO NOW.

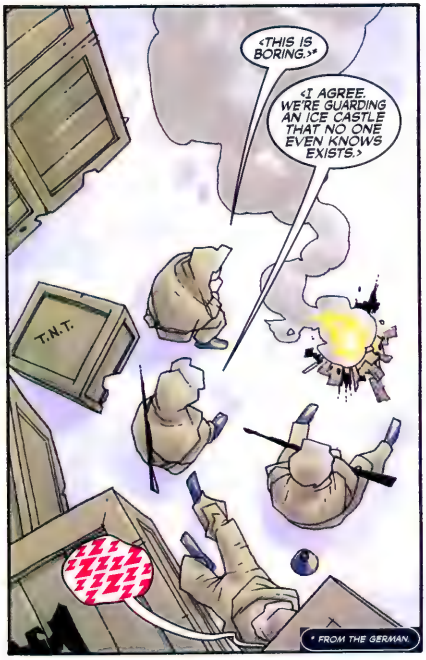
WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SON.
AS SOON AS WE'RE TO SAFETY, WE'LL NOTIFY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.
ASK FOR LOTS OF PLANES.
WE'LL NEED AN ALIBI FOR WHY WE WERE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
SUMMER STOCK, SLOAN.
PARDON MY LANGUAGE, BUT--
WAIT ONE GOSHDARN MINUTE!!
YOU HEARD WHAT THE LADY SAID. BY THE TIME WE TELL ANYONE, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!
WE GOTTA FACE UP TO THE FACTS. IT'S UP TO US.
THE WAY I SEE IT, WE EITHER STOP THEM... OR THEY DON'T GET STOPPED.
SURE, WE MIGHT DIE TRYIN'... BUT--
--BUT WE WERE ALL READY TO DIE FOR MONEY.
NOW, I MIGHT NOT BE AS BRAVE AS COMMANDER KI--
--OR SMART AS SIR ARTHUR BOMBRIDGE III--
--OR AS DETERMINED AS MRS. SLOAN APPLEBEE--
--BUT ONE THING NICOLAS HIGHROAD KNOWS FOR SURE AS THERE IS A GOD IN THE SKY--
--IS THAT THERE COMES A TIME IN EACH PERSON'S LIFE WHEN THEY HAVE TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED.
WHEN THEY GOTTA *MEAN* SOMETHING MORE THAN WHAT THEY *WANT*.
IF THIS AIN'T THAT TIME FOR US... THEN I RECKON IT NEVER WILL BE.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, GUYS?


OH, BOLLOCKS-- COME ON THEN, THE LOT OF YOU.
SLOAN, YOU AND NICOLAS NEED TO BLOW THIS PLACE TO KINGDOM COME SO THEY CAN'T USE IT. USE THE EXPLOSIVES WE SAW ON THE WAY IN.
MYSELF AND CAPTAIN KI WILL LIBERATE HIS "PLANE" FROM THE NAZIS GUARDING IT.
LEAP

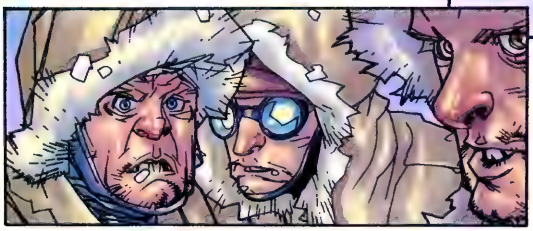
EVEN IF WE CAN STOP THEM FROM BLOWING THIS ONE BOMB HERE...
WOMAN IS RIGHT.
OTHER BOMBS TOO FAR AWAY.
QUITE THE CONUNDRUM.

THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN STOP ALL FOUR BOMBS FROM DETONATING.
...WHICH WILL INCREASE THE EARTH'S WATER LEVEL...
...PROVIDING HITLER THE MEANS TO RAISE HIS ISLAND NATION WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD IS FLOODED.
HMP.
N
W
E
S

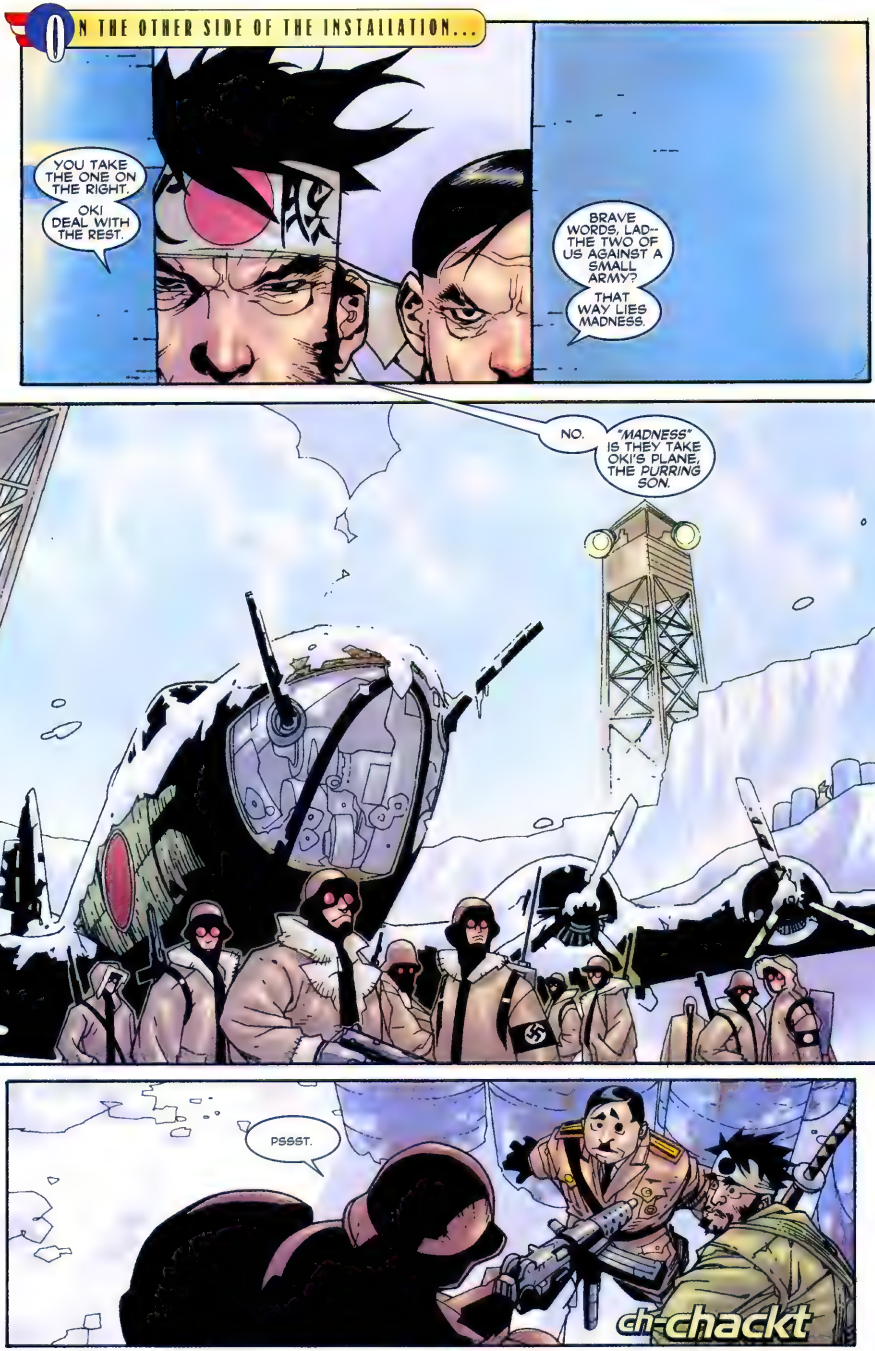

SIR... WHAT IF THEIR MAN-MADE ISLAND IS A HEAP O' SLAG ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN?
SON, YOU'RE A GENIUS.
PLACES, PEOPLE-- PLACES!


‹THIS IS BORING.›
‹I AGREE. WE'RE GUARDING AN ICE CASTLE THAT NO ONE EVEN KNOWS EXISTS.›
T.N.T.
* FROM THE GERMAN.

LOOK AT THOSE SAD LITTLE FACES.
ANY OF YOU LITTLE BOYS UP FOR A GAME OF SPANKY-WANKY?

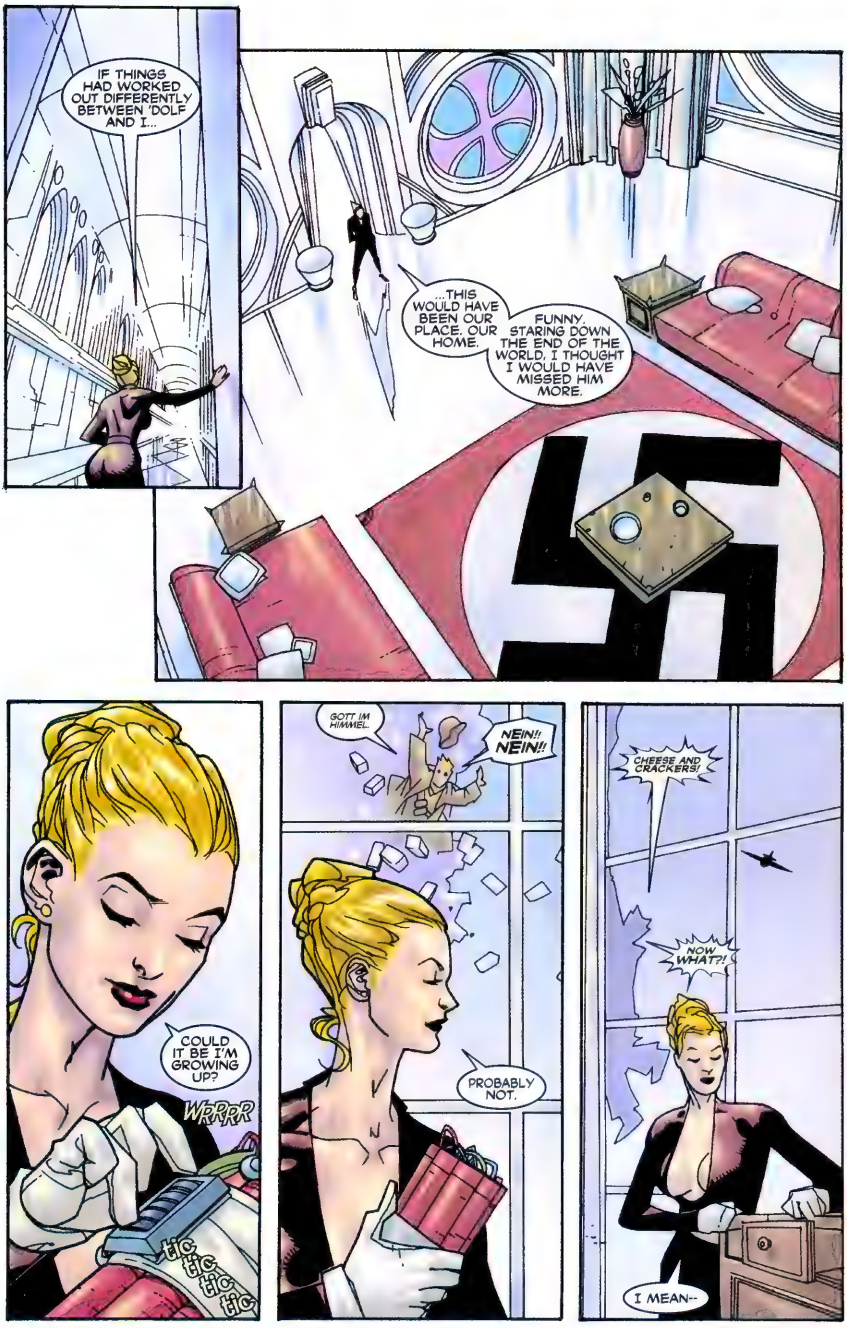


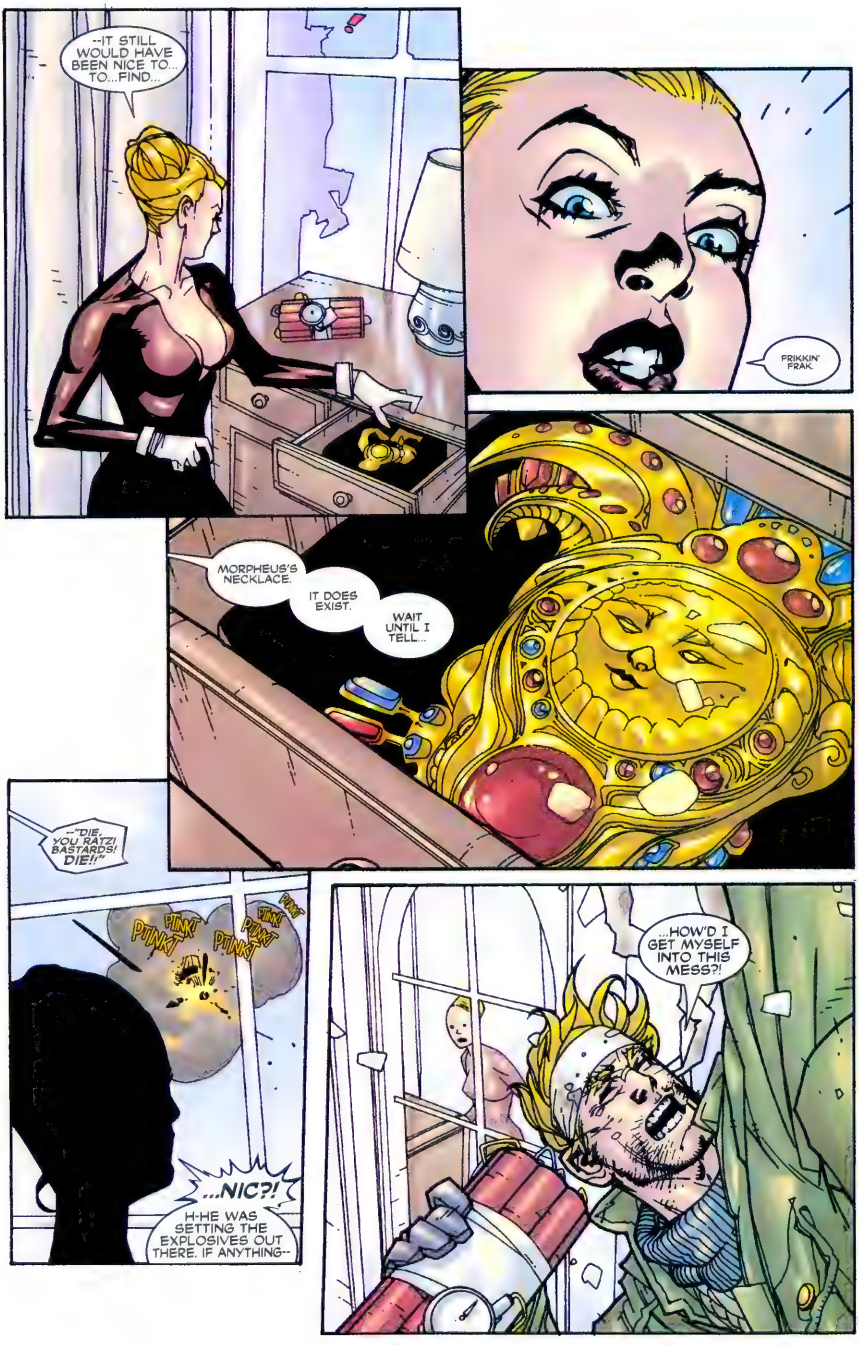
NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO DROP YOUR GUNS, Y'ALL.
WHAT'S THE GERMAN FOR "SURROUNDED?"

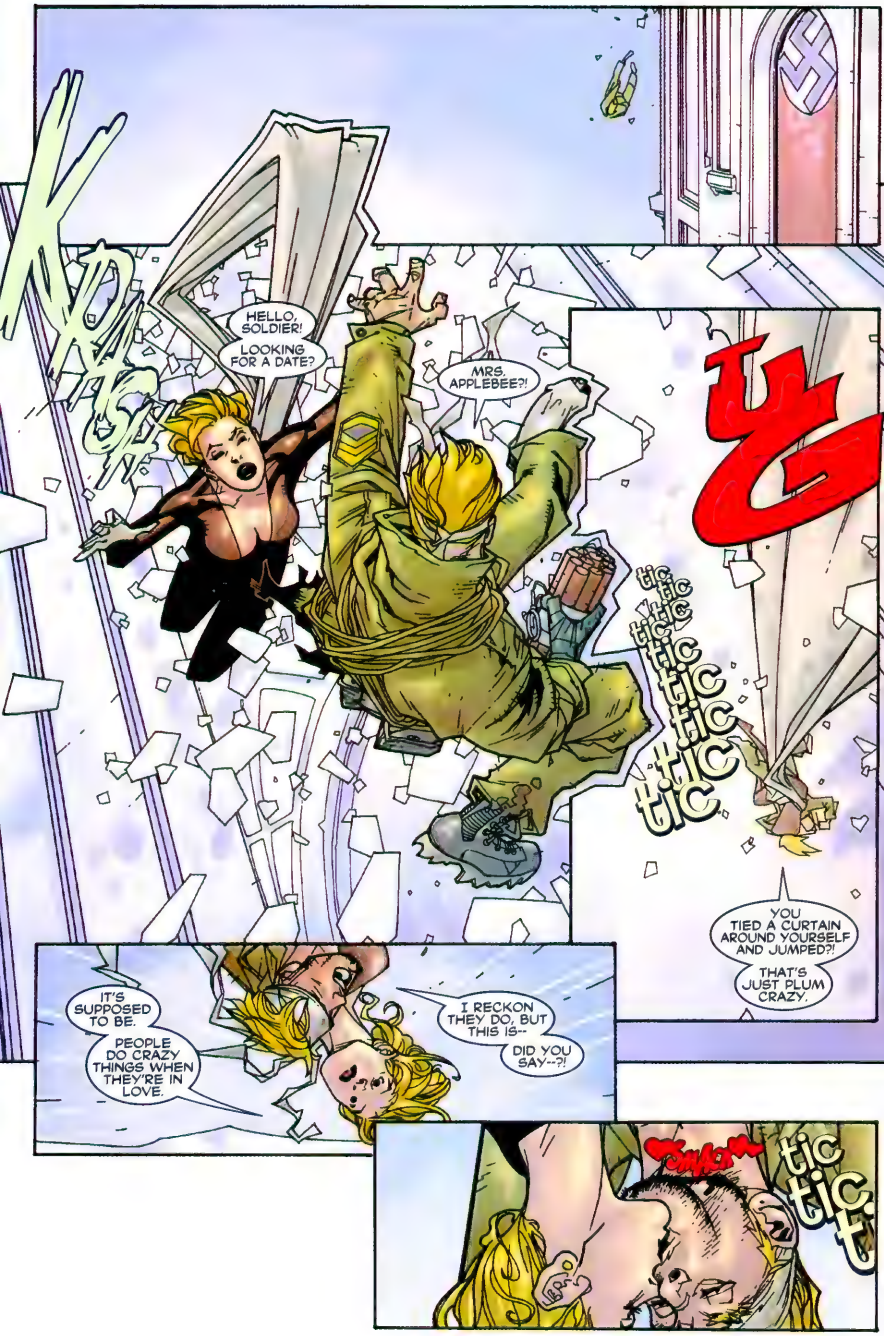

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE INSTALLATION...
YOU TAKE THE ONE ON THE RIGHT.
OKI. DEAL WITH THE REST.
BRAVE WORDS, LAD— THE TWO OF US AGAINST A SMALL ARMY?
THAT WAY LIES MADNESS.
NO.
"MADNESS" IS THEY TAKE OKI'S PLANE, THE PURRING SON.
PSSST.
ch-chackt

VAS?!
<MY MACHINE GUN IS NOT WORKING!>
<VAS IS WRONG?!>
YOU WERE RIGHT, LAD! THE MACHINE GUN HAS TOO MANY WORKING PARTS!
GUN TOO COLD.
KNIFE IS HOT.
SLICE!!!
HERE'S HOPING YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT FIREARMS TUCKED IN MY JACKET BEING WARM ENOUGH TO FIRE.
NOW, COMMANDER KI-- LET'S SEND THESE UNCULTURED HOOLIGANS STRAIGHT TO HELL.
KLA-CHAK
KLA-CHAK
A-OKAY, ROGER.

SLICE!!
BANZAI!
BANZAI INDEED.
BLAM
BLAM
<TINY BRITISH BASTARD!>
!
NO!!
VAS?!
...
EH?!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
L-LAD, YOU...
...YOU SAVED ME?
SHHH.
WILL BLEED LATER.
BOMB NOW.


IF THINGS HAD WORKED OUT DIFFERENTLY BETWEEN 'DOLF AND I...
...THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN OUR PLACE. OUR HOME.
FUNNY. STARING DOWN THE END OF THE WORLD, I THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE MISSED HIM MORE.
COULD IT BE I'M GROWING UP?
WRRRR
tic tic tic tic
GOTT IM HIMMEL.
NEIN!! NEIN!!
PROBABLY NOT.
CHEESE AND CRACKERS!
NOW WHAT?!
I MEAN--


--IT STILL WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE TO... TO...FIND...
FRIKKIN' FRAK.
MORPHEUS'S NECKLACE.
IT DOES EXIST.
WAIT UNTIL I TELL...
--"DIE, YOU RATZ! BASTARDS! DIE!!"
PTINK!
PTINK!
PTINK!
PTINK!
PTINK!
...NIC?!
H-HE WAS SETTING THE EXPLOSIVES OUT THERE. IF ANYTHING--
...HOW'D I GET MYSELF INTO THIS MESS?!

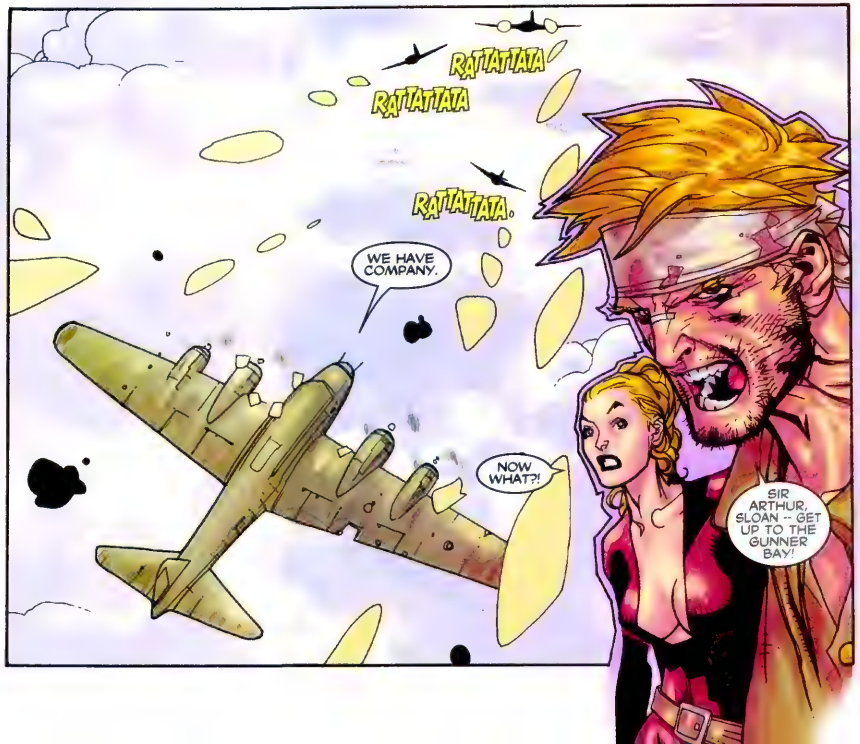

KRASH
HELLO, SOLDIER!
LOOKING FOR A DATE?
MRS. APPLEBEE?!
tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic tic
YOU TIED A CURTAIN AROUND YOURSELF AND JUMPED?!
THAT'S JUST PLUM CRAZY.
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.
PEOPLE DO CRAZY THINGS WHEN THEY'RE IN LOVE.
I RECKON THEY DO, BUT THIS IS--
DID YOU SAY--?!
TOMKOM
tic tic tic

RATTATTATTATTA
NAZIS IN THE SHADOWS!
I RECKON SOMEONE SHOT THEM -- BUT WHO?!
SIR ARTHUR AND COMMANDER KI!
HE'S POINTING BACK TOWARDS THE AIRSTRIP!
WE'LL MEET THEM BACK THERE!
GREAT IDEA.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO LEAVE THE LAST OF THE DYNAMITE HERE.
RIGHT.
TOSS
tic tic tic
MOMENTS LATER...
CAN I JUST SAY "PHEW?"

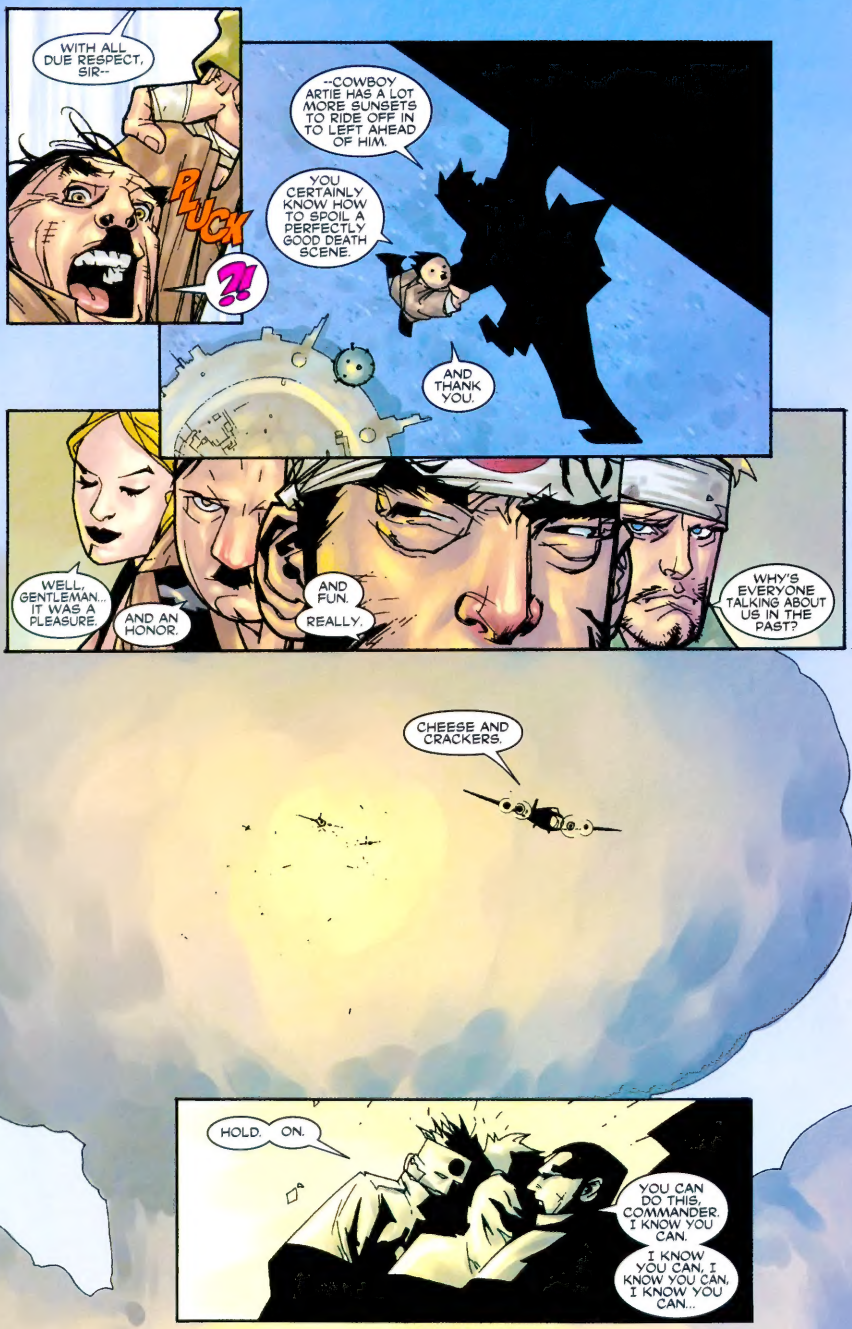
CHAPTER FIFTEEN:

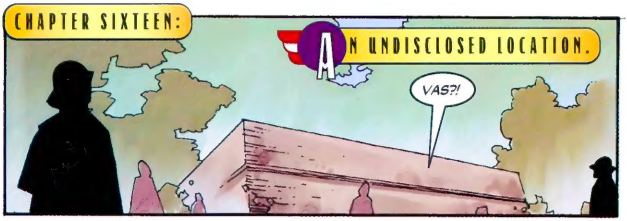
LATER STILL:

Y'ALL REALIZE IT'S A PRETTY BIG BLAST. WE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO OUT-FLY THE SHOCK WAVES.
PURRING SON WILL NOT LET US DOWN.
ODDLY, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.
NICHOLAS, DO THE HONORS.



SIR ARTHUR -- NOOOO!
PLEASE, SIR--LET ME DO THAT!
NONSENSE, I'M AN OLD MAN.
A SELFISH OLD MAN AT THAT. I'VE HAD MY FUN.
THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY!
THE RELEASE MECHANISM IS JAMMED. ONE GOOD SHOVE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK.
SPLENDID.
KIK
GOOD BYE AND GOD SPEED, NICOLAS.
IT'S BEEN A HELL OF A RIDE.


WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR--
PLUCK
?!
--COWBOY ARTIE HAS A LOT MORE SUNSETS TO RIDE OFF IN TO LEFT AHEAD OF HIM.
YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO SPOIL A PERFECTLY GOOD DEATH SCENE.
AND THANK YOU.
WELL, GENTLEMAN... IT WAS A PLEASURE.
AND AN HONOR.
AND FUN.
REALLY.
WHY'S EVERYONE TALKING ABOUT US IN THE PAST?
CHEESE AND CRACKERS.
HOLD. ON.
YOU CAN DO THIS, COMMANDER. I KNOW YOU CAN.
I KNOW YOU CAN, I KNOW YOU CAN, I KNOW YOU CAN...

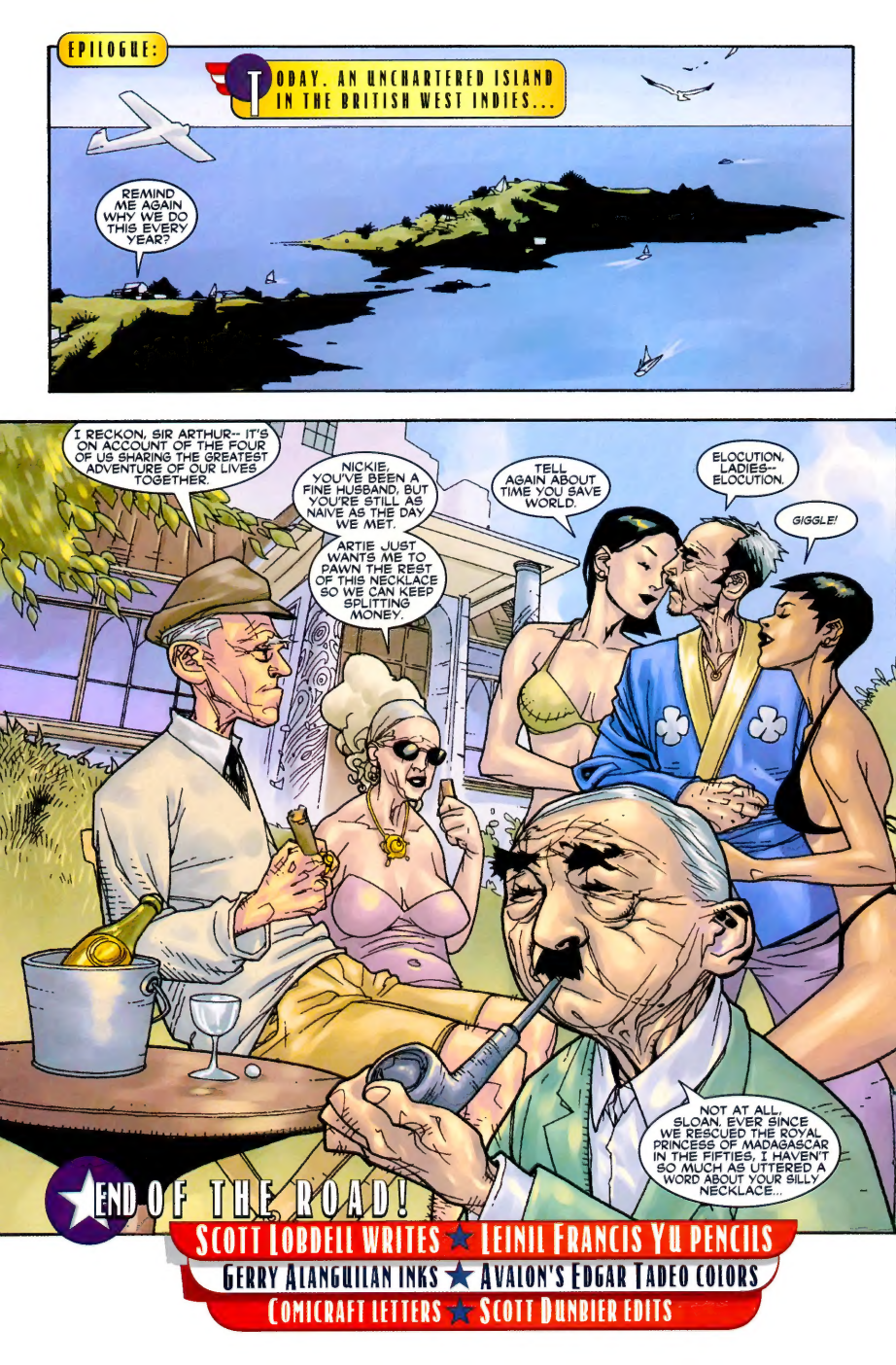

CHAPTER SIXTEEN:
AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION.
VAS?!

IT'S GONE, SIR.
THE ICE CASTLE, ONE OF THE ATOM BOMBS, THE ARYAN ISLAND.
THE ALLIED FORCES MUST HAVE --
--THEY WERE CELEBRATING. IT WASN'T THEM.
IT WAS THAT SLUT AND HER FRIENDS.
IT WILL BE FINE, DARLING.

COLONEL, EVA--I'D LIKE A MOMENT ALONE.
SIEG HEIL.

IS THE OKAY IN THERE, BY HIMSELF?
ADOLF IS FINE. HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY THINKING UP SOME NEW PLAN TO--

BANG!


EPILOGUE:
TODAY. AN UNCHARTERED ISLAND IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES...
REMIND ME AGAIN WHY WE DO THIS EVERY YEAR?
I RECKON, SIR ARTHUR-- IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF THE FOUR OF US SHARING THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF OUR LIVES TOGETHER.
NICKIE, YOU'VE BEEN A FINE HUSBAND, BUT YOU'RE STILL AS NAIVE AS THE DAY WE MET.
ARTIE JUST WANTS ME TO PAWN THE REST OF THIS NECKLACE SO WE CAN KEEP SPLITTING MONEY.
TELL AGAIN ABOUT TIME YOU SAVE WORLD.
ELOCUTION, LADIES-- ELOCUTION.
GIGGLE!
NOT AT ALL, SLOAN. EVER SINCE WE RESCUED THE ROYAL PRINCESS OF MADAGASCAR IN THE FIFTIES, I HAVEN'T SO MUCH AS UTTERED A WORD ABOUT YOUR SILLY NECKLACE...
END OF THE ROAD!
SCOTT LOBDELL WRITES ★ LEINIL FRANCIS YU PENCILS
GERRY ALANGUILAN INKS ★ AVALON'S EDGAR TADEO COLORS
COMICRAFT LETTERS ★ SCOTT DUNBIER EDITS